

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 662—VOL. XXVI.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 6, 1868.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1 00.]

Grant and Colfax.

The nomination of General Grant by the Republican party for the Presidency, at no time scarcely doubtful, was assured by his open affiliation with that party in its contest with the Executive. It was made at Chicago, on the 21st of May, unanimously, and with unaffected enthusiasm. That he will be elected by a vote as sweeping as that which carried Mr. Lincoln a second time into the Presidential chair we regard as certain. And that he will fill his position with dignity, firmness and moderation, with a patriotic purpose and constant regard for the interests and glory of the nation, is evidenced by all his antecedents. The nomination of Mr. Schuyler Colfax for Vice-President is a respectable one, and if it does not give any great weight to the Republican ticket, will certainly do it no harm. There seems to be a little impropriety in selecting both candidates from the West, but the great commercial and manufacturing States will probably consider that the political equilibrium will be restored in the Cabinet,

where their interests most require them to be represented. We should have preferred to have seen Mr. Fenton or Mr. Wilson on the ticket, but happily there are positions in which their abilities and powers may be better utilized than if they were limited within the range of the Vice-President's duties.

The resolutions of the Republican Convention are sound, and no more vague and usual in such documents, nor more than usually filled with "glittering generalities." One of the best is that introduced by Mr. Schurz, and numbered thirteenth in the list, which we append in full.

RESOLUTIONS.

The National Republican party of the United States, assembled in National Convention, in the city of Chicago, on the 20th day of May, 1868, make the following declaration of principles:

First—We congratulate the country on the assured success of the reconstruction policy of Congress, as evinced by the adoption, in the majority of the States lately in rebellion, of Constitutions securing equal civil and political rights to all; and it is the duty of the Government to sustain those institutions, and to prevent the people of such States from being remitted to a state of anarchy.

Second—The guarantee by Congress of equal suffrage

to all loyal men at the South was demanded by every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice, and must be maintained, while the question of suffrage in all the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States.

Third—We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime, and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the utmost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter, but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted.

Fourth—It is due to the labor of the nation that taxation should be equalized and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit.

Fifth—The national debt, contracted as it has been for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period for redemption; and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon whenever it can be honestly done.

Sixth—That the best policy to diminish our burden of debt is to so improve our credit that capitalists will seek to loan us money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and must continue to pay, so long as repudiation, partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected.

Seventh—The Government of the United States should be administered with the strictest economy, and the corruptions which have been so shamefully nursed and fostered by Andrew Johnson call loudly for radical reform.

Eighth—We profoundly deplore the untimely and tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, and regret the accession of Andrew Johnson to the Presidency, who has acted treacherously to the people who elected him, and the cause he was pledged to support—who has usurped high legislative and judicial functions—who has refused to execute the laws—who has used his high office to

induce other officers to ignore and violate the laws—who has employed his executive powers to render insecure the property, the peace, liberty, and life of the citizen—who has abused the pardoning power—who has denounced the National Legislature as unconstitutional—who has persistently and corruptly resisted, by every measure in his power, every proper attempt at the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion—who has perverted the public patronage into an engine of wholesale corruption, and who has been justly impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, and properly pronounced guilty thereof by the vote of thirty-five Senators.

Ninth—The doctrine of Great Britain and other European powers, that because a man is once a subject he is always so, must be resisted at every hazard by the United States, as a relic of the feudal times, not authorized by the law of nations, and at war with our national honor and independence. Naturalized citizens are entitled to be protected in all their rights of citizenship, as though they were native born; and no citizen of the United States, native or naturalized, must be liable to arrest and imprisonment by any foreign power for acts done or words spoken in this country; and if so arrested and imprisoned, it is the duty of the Government to interfere in his behalf.

Tenth—Of all who were faithful in the trials of the late war, there were none entitled to more especial honor than the brave soldiers and seamen who endured the hardships of campaign and cruise, and imperiled their lives in the service of the country; the bounties and pensions provided by the laws for these brave defenders of the nation are obligations never to be forgotten; the widows and orphans of the gallant dead are the wards of the people, a sacred legacy bequeathed to the nation's protective care.

Eleventh—Foreign emigration, which in the past has



THE NATIONAL UNION REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 20TH, 1868.—BISHOP SIMPSON, OF NEW JERSEY, OPENING THE PROCEEDINGS WITH PRAYER.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 179.

added so much to the wealth, development and resources, and increase of power to this nation, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

Twelfth—The Convention declares itself in sympathy with all the oppressed peoples who are struggling for their rights.

Thirteenth—That we highly commend the spirit of magnanimity and forbearance with which the men who have served in the rebellion, but now frankly and honestly co-operate with us in restoring the peace of the country and reconstructing the Southern State Governments upon the basis of impartial justice and equal rights, are received back into the communion of the loyal people, and we favor the removal of the disabilities and restrictions imposed upon the late rebels in the same measure as their spirit of loyalty will direct, and so may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people.

Fourteenth—That we recognize the great principles laid down in the immortal Declaration of Independence as the true foundation of democratic government, and we hail with gladness every effort toward making these principles a living reality on every inch of American soil.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 6, 1868.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

The President.

ALL our readers are aware that Andrew Johnson was impeached by three-fourths of the representatives of the people, and pronounced guilty of "high crimes and misdemeanors" by a vote of 35 to 19 in the High Court of Impeachment, but escaped conviction in virtue of a constitutional provision that a vote of two-thirds shall be necessary to that result. Seven Republican Senators, Messrs. Fessenden, Grimes, Trumbull, Van Winkle, Henderson, Fowler and Ross, voted with the twelve opposition Senators to acquit. The vote was, however, taken only on one article, the eleventh, leaving ten others to be pronounced upon. The general impression is, that the remaining articles will be negatived by a similar vote, but there is a bare possibility that one or more may be carried. This possibility is somewhat strengthened by the action of the late Republican Convention at Chicago.

The motives of the seven Senators above named, in voting as they did, have been and still are very freely canvassed. Mr. Grimes alone has escaped the allegation of a sinister motive. Messrs. Fessenden and Trumbull are charged with acting under the double influence of jealousy and animosity against Mr. Wade, each believing that he should have been chosen President of the Senate instead of that gentleman, who certainly has the faculty of arousing the strongest personal as well as political antagonisms. As Mr. Trumbull, on the 21st of February, voted with a majority of the Senate that Mr. Johnson had violated the constitution and the law, in attempting to remove Mr. Stanton and in naming an *ad interim* Secretary of War, his vote is certainly extraordinary and unintelligible.

As to the remaining four Senators, the general allegation is more humiliating and painful. It is charged that, after all the evidence was in and the arguments in the case of the President had been concluded, and only two days before the vote was taken, Mr. Van Winkle had prepared a written opinion in favor of conviction. It has been very satisfactorily shown that Mr. Fowler had recently, over and over again, demanded impeachment; and Mr. Ross, it is insisted, without denial, only the day before the vote was taken, had declared the President guilty on several of the impeachment articles, including the one on which he voted to acquit. It is unfortunate that there is nothing in the known character and standing of these four gentlemen to absolutely forbid and render impossible of belief the insinuation that they acted under influences usually regarded as baser and less pardonable than disappointed ambition and personal revenge. Rightly or wrongly, nothing can be more certain than that the political relationship of the seven Senators have been severed, and that most of them will disappear forever from public life.

As for Mr. Johnson, his escape has been narrow indeed. The nation has been spared the humiliating spectacle of his ejection from office, by a single vote. If anything can teach the President dignity, moderation, or prudence, this result should do it. But if he should regard it as a personal triumph, instead of a close escape from ignominy, and give wider rein to his peculiarities of temper and conduct, he may yet be driven from the White House. The Southern States will soon be represented in Congress, and will bring large accessions of strength to the party with which he has been at war, and any new freak might divide even the small minority that has stood by him. It is in the power of Mr. Johnson to do much for his own reputation during the remaining nine months of his term, and he needs to do much to soften the verdict that now seems likely to be pronounced on his administration. The "Reconstruction" battle is over, and he has lost. Let him accept the result, call around him men of character from all parties, and close his term by extorting applause from his foes.

Alaska.

A MAJORITY of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House has reported in favor of appropriating the money for paying for Mr. Seward's hyperborean Alaska. A minority of the committee report against the appropriation, on the ground that the country is worthless, and that its acquisition will weaken instead of strengthening our position on the Pacific. The minority state that we obtain no privileges of fishing, etc., by purchase, that we did not enjoy before under treaty stipulations.

Their report as to the value of the country is entirely sustained by the report of Mr. Davidson, of the Coast Survey, who was sent out, with seven assistants, to explore the country, and whose official report has just been printed by Congress. He states that neither wheat or other cereals grow there; that not a mine, even of coal, much less of iron, gold, or silver, is worked, and that all the attempts of his geologists to find coal and iron were failures; that the "ports" are insecure and dangerous, and that the much-lauded harbor of Sitka should be abandoned for a better one in a wholly unsettled region; and that the furs, of whose richness and abundance we have heard so much, are rapidly disappearing, and the fur-bearing animals are already extremely scarce.

During three months the explorers saw the sun less than one day in seven. Eighty-five inches of rain fall annually—twice the average of the Island of Great Britain, whose weeping eyes are said to be so provocative of suicide. The earth is saturated with moisture during the short summer, and is covered with a thick cushion, from one to two feet thick, extending over plain and mountain up to the snow line, in which the traveler sinks over his boot-tops at every step.

Considered as a purchase, Alaska is a "sell," and if matters had not gone as far as they have, we should advocate handing it back to Russia, as we do unacceptable MSS. to authors, endorsed, "Declined, with thanks." But Russia is our friend, and might be annoyed by the proceeding. Besides, with great propriety, we have taken possession of the country, thereby changing many interests and creating others, which ought not to be trifled with. But most important of all is the anxiety said to exist in the Pacific States to have the bargain consummated. We may assume that the people of these States know their own interests, and if the country is likely to be of advantage to them, why, let us accede to their wishes.

But let all this petty purchasing end here. What we next want is Cuba—a prize worth diplomatising and paying for, and the acquisition of which would not only relieve us of an annoying neighbor, but add vastly to our substantial wealth. Meantime, we have use for our money.

Trial by Jury.

In our last we referred to some of the prominent absurdities of the custom; but of all, none is so manifest as that a jury must be *unanimous*, a requirement that has not, as have the other features, even antiquity to recommend it, for in the days of old King Ethelbert the verdict of nine was received, if unanimity was unattainable; and at a later age, in the time of Henry III., the practice was, when twelve jurors could not agree, to add others, so that the sacred number of twelve was secured. We are not consistent in this matter of unanimity, for the Grand Jury, composed of sixteen or twenty-three, acts on a majority if it be twelve, and the judges in a court of review determine the final judgment by a bare majority. In the General Term Supreme Court two out of three judges, and in the Court of Appeals, five of eight, may overrule or affirm all prior proceedings; and in this pending High Court of Impeachment, the vote of two-thirds decides the fate of the President. The Scotch law declares that a majority in fifteen may hang, and murders are of seldom occurrence in Scotland.

The fundamental error of the system is, that it presupposes the similitude of men's minds, as various as their faces, and that, subjected to a common pressure, twelve men will arrive at the same opinion, making of no account the infinite difference in intellectual and moral nature; and instead of being a virtue, unanimity should be regarded with suspicion, as against nature. As by experience it was often found impossible to persuade twelve chance men to see a case in the same light, an invention was hit upon, well adapted to the savage age when men were more readily influenced by their appetites and prejudices than by the uncivilized practice of their rude courts. To avoid new trials, where juries disagreed, it was ordained by the king that the jury should be kept in close confinement, without food or water, *sine cibo et potu*, until they arrived at a unanimous verdict; and it is only within a very short period that the rigor of that system has been departed from to the degree of discharging a jury at the pleasure of the judge, after they have been shut up in an unfurnished

room with bare floors for several days and nights—as if discomfort, sleeplessness and threatened starvation, to say nothing of heterogeneous company, are productive of wise unanimity! A case is on record of a fainting jurymen begging of an English judge for a glass of water, and the judge, after much reflection, granting it, saying, "Well, as it is not meat that you ask for, and I am sure it is not drink, you may have the water." It would not be more absurd or revolting to treat jurymen as did the persecutors the Christian martyrs, to extort recantation on the rack, with scourging and with fire. One reads in the early history of the circuits in England that, if the jury did not agree by the time the judge was required to go to another county, they were shut up in a cart and carried along with him, and in cases of incorrigible obstinacy, were all thrown into a ditch!

Would it be possible to introduce the system for the first time, in this age, in any really enlightened and civilized nation? It is said that old despotic Austria, emerging slowly from bigotry, ignorance, and semi-barbarism, is about to establish trial by jury in her dominions, as an initial step in her march in the road that other kingdoms and republics trod centuries ago. Would the American people, so facile to innovations, or their ancestors, the English and Dutch, so wise and cautious in reforms, listen with favor to a system that demands the unanimity of twelve men, oftentimes uneducated and inexperienced, as a condition of the determination of justice? And although sworn to secrecy, how often have the practices of the wretched jury-room been exposed to the community? The tossing of a penny, the drawing of lots, the cutting of cards—for, anticipating disagreement, jurymen sometimes are prepared with the means of killing time—how often are these resorted to as the only mode of attaining the necessary unanimity? The strong and obstinate, if not corrupt, can wear out the physically weak, though wiser and more just; and instances are on record of one and two men compelling, through mere exhaustion of body, the ten and eleven others to their conclusions. As to the outrageous compromises made by juries, they are notorious, and of daily occurrence. After being in consultation for several hours, the jury send word to the court that there is no likelihood of their agreeing, and ask to be discharged. Desirous of ending the controversy, and to avoid a new trial, the judge refuses the petition, and directs the sheriff to keep them locked up for another twelve hours. Worn out, sick, impatient to be with his family, and to the transaction of his already neglected business, the poor jurymen makes an offer, or listens willingly to one, of compromise, which, although injustice to the litigant, gives him freedom. The very fact that the deliberations of the jury are in secret would seem to argue that they will not bear the light. We recall a case of slander, in which the plaintiff sued the defendant for saying that "the plaintiff was a forger, and he could prove it," and the jury found for the plaintiff six cents; and being interrogated how they could bring in such a senseless verdict—for if the words were not true, then the plaintiff should have received a large sum, as it was in proof he had lost his situation thereby; and if they were true, then the verdict should have been for the defendant—one of the jury stated, that, as it was impossible for them to agree on an amount of money, they had compromised on a verdict which would vindicate the plaintiff's character, and make the defendant pay the costs; neither of which results followed! It has frequently happened in New York city that foreigners, who had no knowledge of the English language, have been empaneled and sat unchallenged throughout trials, and their disqualification not known until the jury had retired to make up their verdict!

But IMPARTIALITY is reckoned one of the virtues of the system, as if attainable in no other tribunal; and, to be fair, we admit that there have been cases of juries acting impartially; but we would not advise the friends of the institution to rely on the authority of corporations, or refer to cases where political or religious prejudices are involved. Trial by jury at this time in the Southern States is little better than a farce where the interests of the two races are in conflict, just as in the time of Charles II. all kinds of wrong and cruelty were committed by it. The bare fact that the plaintiff is poor, and the defendant rich, has weight with a jury; and so hopeless is the chance for justice from an impartial (!) jury, that railway and life insurance companies prefer to pay almost any demand rather than contest it and incur the bad name of resisting honest claims. An insurance policy provides explicitly that it shall be void if the insured has deceived the company, or if he dies by his own hand; but the jury invariably find that the insured was insane when he killed himself, and, *ergo*, not his own act; and if he died in a fit of delirium tremens, that the immediate cause was not that, but something not suppressed when he was before the medical man of the company. The laws, though made for

all, are thus often available for the advantage of rogues and the despoiling of the honestly prosperous, and so the law suffers through the imperfection of one part of its machinery, which is, nevertheless, susceptible of improvement, if not perfect reform.

Practically the system is abolished in many of the States by the compulsory power given to the court to send to a referee any cause involving the examination of an account, which class embraces fully one-third of litigations, no matter what the amount in controversy, and the finding of the referee has the same force and effect as if of a jury. Now, can any one assign a sound reason for compelling a party to have his claim, in which there is no accounting to be made, determined by twelve men unlearned in the law, from whom much evidence would be excluded, because they do not know how much weight to give to it, rather than by a learned lawyer skilled in the rules of evidence, and free from those prejudices which almost always abound in the jury-box? And it is because of the ignorance and inexperience of jurors that many rules of evidence were framed, and are still in force, which, were controversies determined by men of learning, would never have had existence. It is but within twenty years that parties to a suit, most often the only ones in the world informed as to the facts, were permitted to testify in their own behalf. This was a tremendous stride in legal reform, and the confident predictions of those who opposed, that it would offer a bounty to perjury, and that thereby more harm than good would follow, have proved as mistaken as were the demagogues who led on the mechanics against machinery, as a foe to their interests. A proposition so startling as that of excluding from the witness-box every one who had an especial interest in the dispute would at this time receive far greater resistance than ever did that change of the laws of evidence; and, as revolutions never go backward, we confidently look forward to an early period when the system of trial by jury will have received an equally radical reformation.

We have thus briefly touched upon some of its imperfections and absurdities, for the limits of editorial columns do not permit of treating fully a subject so important and extensive. We happily live in an age that is trying without favor all hereditary customs, and hardly a year passes away without carrying with it some formerly-cherished institution, which, like a venerable servant, must give way to the younger valet of the new lord of the manor;

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

The reforms we propose are, firstly: there should be a tribunal of three judges, one learned in the law, and the others, of good standing for probity and knowledge of men and business transactions, for the trial of causes, which, on motion of either party, the court shall for good reasons order not to be tried by a jury. In this tribunal the laws of evidence should be liberally modified. Secondly: a jury should be composed of seven select men; and if, after six hours' deliberation, they cannot arrive at unanimity, then the court may take the verdict of five, and the losing party may have his appeal on the facts and the law to the court of review. Jurymen should be paid *per diem*, as much surely as an alderman. These are the chief reforms which we believe will, if adopted, relieve the courts of justice of much reproach and ridicule, furnish security against the corruption and unfitness of jurymen, and destroy the source of new trials; and, as a further consequence, groundless actions and unjust defenses will diminish.

The Central Park—A Suggestion.

THE Report of the Commissioners of the Central Park for 1867 is before us, in a handsome, well-illustrated pamphlet, and exhibits a very satisfactory condition of that great and useful public work, which the statistics show is constantly increasing in popularity. It undoubtedly owes its success mainly to the fact that it has been kept out of the hands of the local politicians who so grossly mismanage our municipal affairs. The accessions to the Park, in the shape of specimens of natural history and works of art, have been considerable. The statuary has been removed to the chapel of the old Convent of St. Vincent, and a greenhouse has been erected there for the reception of rare and tropical plants, while the old Arsenal is being remodeled for a museum. The playgrounds set apart for schools have become so popular that it will be found necessary to enlarge them. This is exceedingly gratifying, as showing an increasing taste for healthful, open-air exercise and recreation.

There were over 8,000,000 visitors to the Park last year, and only 127 arrests were made, 57 of these being for fast driving. Only one arrest was made for breaking shrubs and flowers. On some days as many as 33,000 vehicles have entered the Park. Of course all carts, trucks, market and baggage wagons are excluded. The total cost of the Park up to the beginning of this year was \$10,000,000, and

the annual cost of keeping it up, including interest on the above sum, is about \$850,000. The increased taxable valuation in the three wards surrounding the Park, from 1856 to 1867, is shown to be over seventy-five millions of dollars, giving an increased tax for the year 1867 of \$2,020,542 53.

In referring to the subject of statues and monuments, the Commissioners say:

"It will, on the whole, perhaps, always be wiser to defer the admission of monuments intended to commemorate individuals chiefly characterized by an active participation in any questions upon which the public mind is divided with a greater or less degree of vehemence, until time determines whether they are of those reputations that briefly flame and flicker, or of those whose lives of sacrifice have formed characters that all ages delight to honor."

In improving and ornamenting the Park, we have a suggestion to offer to the Commissioners, which we are sure will be acceptable to them. Namely, in the matter of new buildings, to reproduce some of the aboriginal structures of Mexico, Central America, and Peru, and thus give the public a notion of the ancient architecture of this continent. This architecture was peculiar and interesting, and buildings erected in conformity with it would meet their requirements as well as Italian villas or Swiss chalets, and at equal cost.

Then, some of the retaining and terrace walls could be just as well built in imitation of those of the ancients as in any other way, and thus show the aboriginal style of stonework. A reproduction of the fine wall supporting the terrace on which was built the palace of the first Inca would certainly be interesting, and positively ornamental.

Again, all intelligent people know that some parts of our own country, particularly the Mississippi Valley, abound in earthworks and other monuments of an extinct race. Some of these are extremely graceful and beautiful in shape, and could be reproduced here and there in the Park with perfect ease. There are no more beautiful or interesting objects in the pretty town of Marietta, Ohio, than the circle and mound in the cemetery, and the other ancient works which grim and practical old General Israel Putnam stipulated should be preserved in a public square. These monuments are the first to arrest the attention of the visitor.

We trust these suggestions will be favorably considered by the Commissioners.

Matters and Things.

THEY are waking up in England on the question of the rights of married women, especially (and of course) as regards property. As things stand, the Common Law gives the husband absolute power over the person of the wife, and over almost all her property. The *Times* tells us that this is the only sound view of the domestic relation, and adds that, "unless all experience up to the present day is at fault, it is absolutely requisite to the peace of the family, and to the happiness of all the members of it, that the authority of the husband and the subordination of the wife and children should be decidedly maintained."—There were thirty-nine snow-storms in this city during the winter of 1867 and '68, and the depth of snow for the year was 92.32 inches.—A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because when she appeared man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.—The subject of pisciculture is receiving great attention in all parts of the country. Upward of \$300,000 have been invested in trout-breeding ponds on Long Island.—The Empress Carlotta's insanity is said to have assumed a character which causes her relatives a good deal of distress. She has become exceedingly talkative, and as soon as a stranger is admitted to her she tells some of the scandalous stories about eminent contemporaries which she has heard during her life. This has become such a mania with her, that during her drives in the park she beckons to strangers to step up to her carriage, in order to tell them the most indelicate stories about crowned heads, etc. And when any too vigorous steps are taken to prevent her from so doing, she grows furious and threatens to kill herself.—\$2,649 were contributed in Boston last week to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—The Legislature at its last session passed an act providing for the establishment of a Museum of Natural History in Central Park. This and a conservatory are two additions to this beautiful place very clearly demanded by the public.—Prof. Agassiz declares his conviction that of all animal substances fish is the best adapted for food for those engaged in great mental labor, as it is the most nutritious in repairing the wear and tear of the human brain.—A New York correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* makes fun of the Women's Club. His wife having become a member of the "Borolais," he describes his experience: "I affect to have no curiosity at all; scarcely mention the club, in fact, except to say, when the appointed day comes: 'Well, my dear, this is your club night; you'll want my latch-key, I suppose. Don't let that horribly dissipated Mrs. Brown persuade you to drink more tea than is good for you, and if I've retired when you get home, come up-stairs as softly as you can, and don't get into bed with your boots on—be particular about that.'"—There is in the town of Arkwright, Chautauqua county, N. Y., a little lake a mile in length by half a mile in width, perhaps, which has two outlets and no inlet, being fed by springs at the bottom. The lake is on the "dividing ridge," and one outlet forms a tributary of the Conewango, and its waters find their way through the Alleghany, Ohio and Mississippi rivers to the Gulf of Mexico, while the other outlet forms one

branch of Silver Creek, which empties into Lake Erie, and its waters thus find their way into the ocean through the St. Lawrence.—An English paper gives this paragraph to show how corruptions of language creep into use: "When King Edward, with iron-gloved hands, held up his newborn son before the wild and warring chieftains at Carnarven Castle, he said to them, not *Ioh Dien*, 'I serve,' which is a later transformation of the Prince's motto, but *Eich Dyn*, which in the tongue of the Cymry means 'This is your man.' This is a nut for the curious in such matters to crack.—On a certain spring morning, when the thaw had set in on the Neva, and rendered crossing extremely dangerous, the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, looking from the window of his winter palace, observed a crowd on the banks of the river, who were watching in admiration a man who leaped from cake to cake of the half floating ice, and thus contrived to reach the opposite bank. The Emperor sent an aide-de-camp to inquire the meaning of this singular freak. 'Sire, it is a peasant, who has wagered to cross the Neva for twenty-five roubles, and is determined to win his bet.' 'Give him twenty-five strokes of the knout instead,' ordered the Emperor. 'A man who would risk his life for such a sum is capable of doing any amount of mischief for money.'"

THE great majority of men honestly believe, or at all events think they believe, that the infinite is dependent on the finite; that the fate of a murderer is settled to all eternity by his conduct, or rather by his faith, during his score or so of years of mature life on this planet; that the "time of probation" ends with that phenomenal change which, in defiance of Christianity, we call death. If that belief is correct, the infliction of death as a punishment involves the most diabolical crime it is possible for human beings to commit, the crime by which poets have always striven to interpret the mysterious saying about the Unpardonable Sin, the deliberate and willful slaying of a soul. The sinner is put to death in his sin, without time for a repentance which, to be effectual, must not be the result of a physical agony of terror or remorse. Man on this theory willfully undoes the work of Christ, and for an offense which can but be finite, sentences his fellow-sinner to an infinite penalty. Once awakened to the logical sequence of its own faith, the people would not tolerate capital punishment for an hour; but fortunately for society, the philanthropists dare not make this appeal to superstition.

GAMBLING, properly speaking, is the natural resource of a perfectly empty mind. A savage gambles because he wants some excitement without continuous labor, and he will gamble with an arduous unknown amongst civilized races. An Indian has been known to gamble until, having lost everything else, he staked and lost his scalp. He made, however, the stipulation, that if he recovered from the operation, he was to meet his antagonist for another match; and as he was unlucky the second time, and had already parted with his scalp, he was obliged to stake his life, which he also lost. The prevalence of gambling proper is thus really a test of the degree to which the savage nature survives within the civilized man. In proportion as his mind becomes cultivated he loses his taste for games of pure chance. He can get an excitement of a superior nature. The substitution of gambling on the turf for the gambling pure and simple may perhaps be considered as indicative of a slight intellectual improvement. It is rather better to play at a game in which acuteness may tell to a certain extent—even if mixed up with a large amount of more or less dirty dealing—than at simply tossing for money in any of its curious forms. Still the passion of betting on the turf confirms the theory of the survival amongst us of many barbarian characteristics. So many men of good family indulge in this questionable amusement because it is so often the case that you have only to scratch the man of good family to discover the barbarian beneath the dress coat. The gambling on the Stock Exchange or in financial transactions, on the other hand, is of comparatively modern growth, and so far as it differs in its nature from gambling on the turf, implies the greater excitability of the modern man.

RISTORI AND RICHINGS.

It would seem that it is a very difficult thing for a great foreign artist to bid a final farewell to a country in which he or she has gathered glory and dollars.

We had certainly concluded, from the style in which Madame Ristori's last series of appearances at the French Theatre had been announced by her manager, that they were intended to form the *bouquet d'adieu*, tendered by that admirable actress to the American public. In this, however, it appears that we have been deceived. Honestly, while the fact gratifies us, we regret the impression which was made upon ourselves and others by the mode of the previous announcement, and the occasion of those who were connected with the business direction of her performances. We had concluded that at the present moment, laden with cash and regret, she was on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, journeying toward a pleasanter if not more enthusiastic climate than our own has been during the last winter and present spring season.

It appears that this is not the case. The triumphant but very brief number of soirees and matinees of English opera, inaugurated by Caroline Richings, have too suddenly been brought to a close. "Faust" and "Martha" are to be replaced by "Marie Antoinette," and the "Crown Diamonds" are to give place to "Sor Teresa." The Lyric Muse is to yield her position for the time to her sister with the bowl and dagger.

It would perhaps be a want of courtesy to the stately Italian to say that we regret this. It would certainly be an act of impoliteness to the American directors to say that we are gratified by her departure.

Placed upon the horns of this dilemma, we shall consequently announce simply that Caroline Richings has

concluded her season of opera last week, and that Madame Ristori is this week making what purports to be her farewell appearance in New York. On Monday she was to have given "Sor Teresa," and on Tuesday "Marie Antoinette." Her last matinee was, as the advertisements inform us, to have taken place on the day of our publication.

At the Broadway Theatre, the management withdraws its last success—Mr. Gayler's "Connie Soogah"—to make place for other of the pieces in which Barney Williams and his wife have secured themselves such a continuous host of admirers. "All Hallow Eve" and "Latest from New York" have taken its place upon the bills.

The "White Fawn" still continues to draw those who love to have their eyes dazzled with scenic splendor, and who adore the dance, to Niblo's Garden, where Mademoiselle Ross is reviving the memories of Soto and Ellalier.

What shall we say of the Olympic, save to pronounce the name, so attractive to youthful ears, of "Humpty Dumpty"?

"Paris and Helen" still afford an opportunity to the Worrell Sisters to fascinate nightly throngs at the New York Theatre.

In the meantime, the two new dramas, which were produced some ten or twelve days since at Wallack's and Pike's Opera House, still continue, or did still continue, to be the standing dishes at either house. The excellent and thorough manner in which "The White Cockade" was placed upon the stage at the former theatre, insured its reception on the first night of its production. It now, owing to some condensation and the habits of the various artists to their parts, has well nigh doubled its attraction with the public, and we can scarcely doubt, has booked itself for a long run. Although by no means affording him one of his greatest parts, "The White Cockade" nevertheless gives Mr. J. W. Wallack a very capital one, of which he makes every advantage. Free and liberal cuttings have also greatly benefited "Lost," and have managed to render the plot far more intelligible—the Storm and Inundation Scene, however, still continuing as one of the chief attractions.

We ought also to mention that the Bryants have opened their new house in Tammany Building, Fourteenth street. On the first night, after the performance concluded, the management received their immediate friends "behind the scenes." The number appeared almost unlimited.

The popular Garden Concerts of Theodore Thomas commenced at Central Park Gardens on Monday last.

Mr. Albert Cassidy, the gentleman who contributed so much to the success of Lucille Western, is now in the city. We hear that he is in treaty for the management of one of the theatres in a neighboring city, for which his business capacity and ability as a director eminently fit him.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE WORKSHOP. New York: E. STEIGER.

This is an American edition of a German monthly publication, devoted to progress in all departments of the useful arts. It contains careful descriptions and details, with numerous large and beautiful engravings of novelties and improvements in architecture, cabinet work, decoration, engraving, metal working, and ornamentation in almost every branch of manufacture. It cannot fail to be valuable to practical men.

FAIRFAX; OR, THE MASTER OF GREENWAY COURT.

By J. E. COOKE. New York: G. W. CARLETON & Co.

A tale of the Shenandoah Valley in the middle of the last century, picturing wild life in the border, and the superstitions, incidents, and manners, humorous and tragic, of Lord Fairfax's time.

RAGGED DICK; OR, STREET LIFE IN NEW YORK.

WITH THE BOOT-BLACKS. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

A story for boys, intended to illustrate the life and experiences of the friendless and vagrant children now numbered by thousands in New York and other cities.

POEMS. By MRS. O. M. LIVINGSTON. New York: HURD & Houghton.

A very neatly printed volume, consisting of a selection of poems which the authoress has given from time to time to the various periodicals of the day, with many now published for the first time.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia: "Comstock's Elocution," "Father Tom and the Pope," "Almard's Freebooters," "The Marriage Verdict," and cheap editions of a number of Dickens' and Walter Scott's novels.

FROM THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., New York: "The Mexican; or, Love and Land," a poem of 228 pp., by JOHN M. DAGHALL.

FROM FREDERICK A. BRADY, New York: "Only Temper," a novel by Mrs. C. J. NEWBY.

FROM ROBERT M. DE WITT, New York: cheap editions of a number of "De Witt's Acting Plays," including "Cass," "No Thoroughfare," "Play," "David Garrick," "Petitcoat Parliament," etc.

FROM VIRTUE & YORSTON, New York: the May number of the *Art Journal*, with beautiful engravings on steel and wood, and illustrations of the Paris Exposition.

ART GOSSIP.

THE exhibition of the Academy of Design continues to attract a good number of visitors, nor were the galleries by any means deserted even during the miserably bad weather by which we were visited last week.

Returning to this exhibition, we notice a neatly-painted little composition of "Autumn Leaves," 99, by Miss E. C. Field—leaves of the Virginia creeper, if we are not mistaken. A group of "Tea Roses," 100, the work of Miss Thayer, is painted in a very pure and transparent manner; though we like still better her "September Daisies," 116. In "Morning Glories," 112, Miss S. C. Stetson has manipulated the flowers with much skill, but the leafage is less true to nature. "Basket of Roses," 123, by the same, is well arranged, and painted with taste and feeling. A slight but delicate bit of water-color work is "Woodbine and Ferns," 140, by Miss M. A. Stanton. Mr. G. H. Hall shows his usual skill in "Spanish Grapes," 143. In subjects of this class the artist referred to is excelled by few. We do not see why Mr. W. Magrath should paint his "Evangeline," 135, as though the scene had been viewed by him through a pair of blue spectacles. He graduates well, in water-colors, but his work is altogether too monotonously colorless, and too much washed. "Apple Branch," 134, by Miss Clara S. Lane, is painted with much crispness of touch, but lacks clearness of color. Mr. Carl Schults has here a tasteful and fanciful miniature, "The Bride," 131. "Hope and Woodbine," 124, by Miss C. L. Grant, has the merit of delicacy, but it is pervaded by a metallic green that is not true to nature. A very richly-painted orange and blue flower is the "Stiltsia Regina," 106, by Miss M. J. McDonald; and "Fruit," 107, by Miss C. A. Griswold, is a softly-painted composition of oranges, grapes, apples and nuts, though it might have been the better for a little more decision of manner. To "The Little Red Wishing-Cap," 144, by J. F. Godkins, we cannot award much praise. The artist fails to infuse into his group the elfin element, without which such compositions fail to appeal to the mind.

So much for a brief survey of the corridor. Proceeding now to the north room, we see far aloft, over a doorway, a "Buffalo Hunt," 186, by Mr. W. M. Cary. The dead buffalo, the Indian standing over him, and the horse in the background, are infused with spirit, but in the landscape the artist has not been so successful. "Portrait," 167, by Mr. G. A. Baker, is a pleasing picture of a pretty brown-haired and blue-eyed young girl. Mr. Alfred Fredericks does not come up to his promise of other years in his "King Lear," 168. There is power in the composition, but it is power of a stagey and red-fire kind. A "Portrait," 179, by Mr. A. H. Ritchie, representing a gentleman writing, is painted with much vigor and character.

In the east room our wanderings lead us to "Lake George in the Olden Time," 264, by Mr. J. D. Barrow. The lake is covered with boats full of British soldiers in old-fashioned uniforms, but whether the scene is meant to represent a gala day, or a convoy of troops going to do battle, is not very clearly indicated by the painter. "The Chess-Players," 267, by Mr. R. W. Weir, is an illustration of an old story about a Gascon chess-player and a Spaniard, in which a monkey also figures. The story here is not intelligibly told by the artist, who has shown good management, however, in the accessories of his composition. "The Doubtful Shadow," 286, by Mr. G. H. Boughton, is a small genre piece of two figures, cleverly painted, though hardly suggestive of any particular sentiment or circumstance. Mr. T. W. Wood exhibits here his "Politics in the Workshop," 325, an excellent piece of character portraiture, representing a burly old blacksmith in an attitude of disputation. There is merit in a small landscape called "Glade in Autumn Woods," 300, by Mr. S. L. Gerry, of Boston, and that chiefly for color and depth of tone. "Waiting for Tea," 317, by Mr. E. W. Ferry, represents an old woman and a little girl, occupied over a fire, the effect from which illuminates their faces. The effect here is good, but the floor of the apartment seems to be out of perspective, owing to the stripes of the carpet not being laid with care.

THE National Union Republican Convention, at Crosby's Opera House, Chicago, Illinois—The Announcement, May 21st, of the Nomination of General Ulysses S. Grant as the Republican Candidate for the Presidency—Our Portraits of the Candidates—Bishop Hopkins Opening the Proceedings with Prayer.

If unanimity and enthusiasm in the nomination of a candidate are omen of success, the action of the Republican Convention at Chicago promises well for the election of General Grant to the Presidency. Rarely, if ever, has an aspirant to that political eminence entered the race with such an inspiring *God speed* from his backers. However, it is not for us to weigh the chances of partisan fortune, but to illustrate the scenes identified with the important event that has just occurred in that thriving young city of the West where the Republican party have opened the Presidential campaign.

In the first place, we give two fine portraits of the nominees, General Ulysses S. Grant for the Presidency, Hon. Schuyler Colfax for the Vice-Presidency. Side by side, with the Genius of our nationality about to wreath their brows, the soldier and the statesman form a picture that will be welcome to hundreds of thousands of American households.

In another engraving we represent the scene at the Opera House when the nomination of General Grant was announced. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed, the delegates and spectators rising from their seats with cheers and extravagant demonstrations of applause. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the men, their hats, the music of the band swelled to the inspiring strain of "Hail to the Chief!" and the vast audience gave way to prolonged and intense excitement.

The engraving upon our front page represents the opening of the proceedings of the Convention, on the 20th inst., with prayer, by Bishop Simpson, of New Jersey, who invoked the Divine blessing, and asked that a spirit of harmony and wisdom might prevail in the councils of the body there convened, and that such results might be attained as would lead to the prosperity, perpetuity and glory of our beloved land.

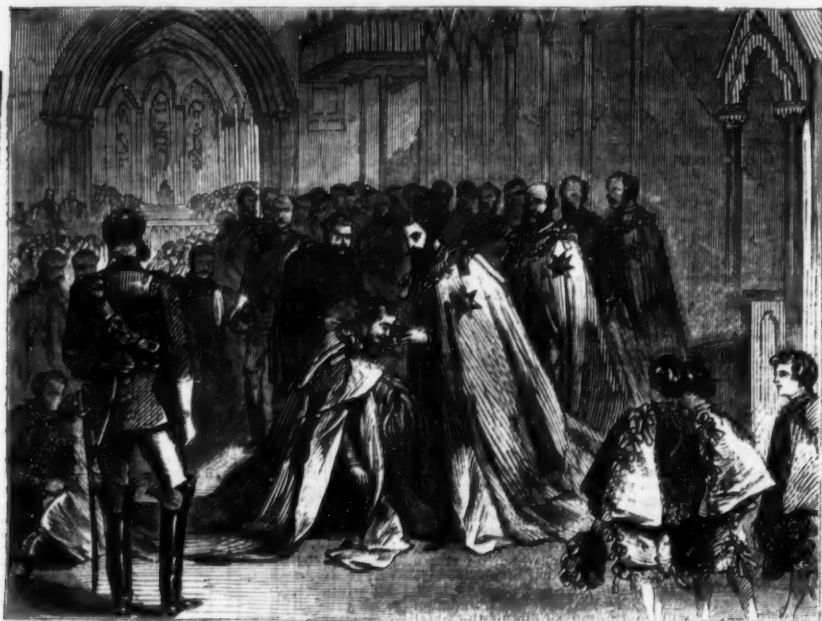
EIGHTEEN YEARS OF SUFFERING.

A MR. W. A. WORTH, of Troy, N. Y., died recently. Twenty years ago Mr. Worth was a young and promising merchant. His personal appearance was commanding, and he was regarded as one of the finest specimens of manly beauty to be found in the city. In his family relations he was most happily blessed. But, alas, a great sorrow was impending over him. Neuralgia pains began to dart through his person, and in a short time he was taken down with a confirmed and incurable rheumatism. For some time hopes were entertained that the disease would give way to medical treatment, but these were finally abandoned when it was discovered that ankylosis of all the joints in the body was rapidly taking place. The end was soon reached. Every joint became ossified and contracted. He was unable to move a joint or muscle of the body. Even his jaws became set, and for years he sucked his nourishment through his teeth. His feet became enlarged to an enormous size, and great fœid ulcers formed upon them.

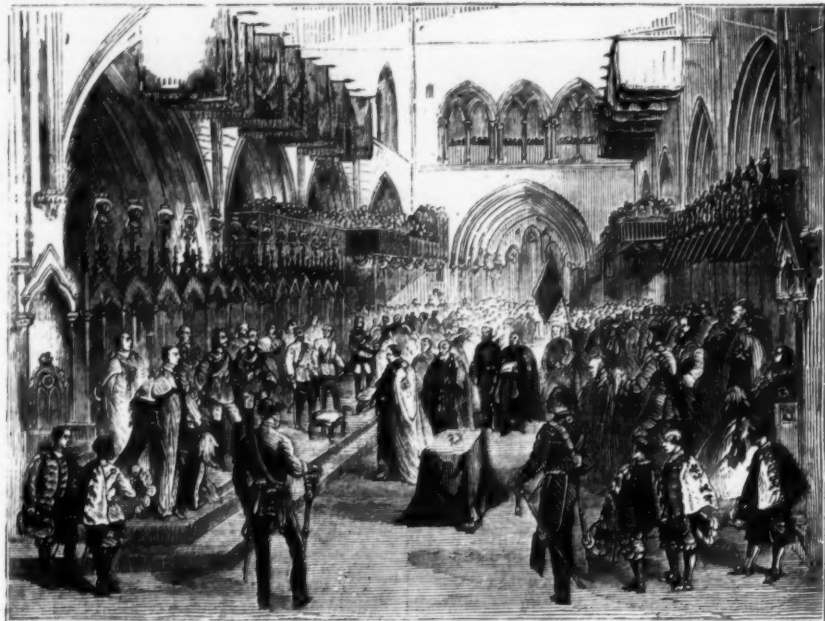
In this condition he lived for eighteen years, suffering at times the most excruciating torture, though sometimes he was happily free from pain. During sixteen years of this invalidism, Mr. Worth was attended solely by his wife—now, we are assured, an angel in heaven, as she certainly was on earth. That excellent woman nursed and tended him with uncomplaining love and heroic fortitude, never murmuring at her lot, but cheerfully, prayerfully, performing her mission of love and duty. We doubt if there is on record, in the pages of history or fiction, another instance of more complete wifely devotion, of stronger conjugal fidelity and love. A little more than a year ago Mrs. Worth died from disease induced by her long and persistent care of her husband. To add to Mr. Worth's misfortune, about six years ago his eyes were attacked by disease, and gradually he lost his sight. Now began a singular feature in his case. His strange mental faculties, which had all through his long years of illness remained unimpaired, absolutely grew stronger. His sense of hearing was wonderfully acute. He recognized the steps of visitors with entire exactness, and could distinguish between half a dozen persons entering the room. He also played chess, and his memory was so perfect that in this game he was able to vanquish almost any opponent. The newspapers were read to him daily, and he kept thoroughly posted upon the current news and literature of the times. Though he had not walked the streets of Troy for years, he knew almost every change that had taken place in the buildings that line them. His mental characteristics were almost as remarkable as was his physical misfortune and deformity.

Some months previous to the death of Mrs. Worth, who only relinquished his care when disease had fastened upon her, Mr. W. was removed to the Troy Hospital. He appeared to be very tenacious of life, clinging to it with even more desire than most strong and robust men manifest. A few months since he was again removed to the Marshall Infirmary, where he died. Every organ in his body, one after another, had been attacked, and we may say, destroyed, until only the heart, the citadel of life itself, remained unimpaired. This, too, at last succumbed, and the poor man who counted his sufferings in duration by years, and in intensity beyond the power of language to describe, was released from the thralldom of the body.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 183.



THE GRAND MASTER INVESTING THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THE ORDER OF ST. PATRICK, AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN, IRELAND.



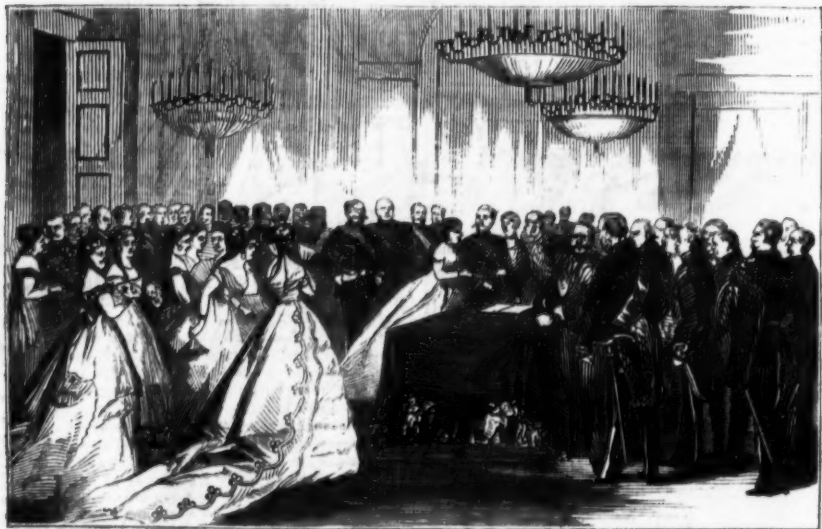
USHER, KING OF ARMS, PROCLAIMING THE PRINCE'S TITLES AT HIS INSTALLATION AS A KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK.



A COSSACK WEDDING—DANCING ON THE WEDDING EVE.



A COSSACK WEDDING—THE BRIDE RIDING THROUGH THE VILLAGE.



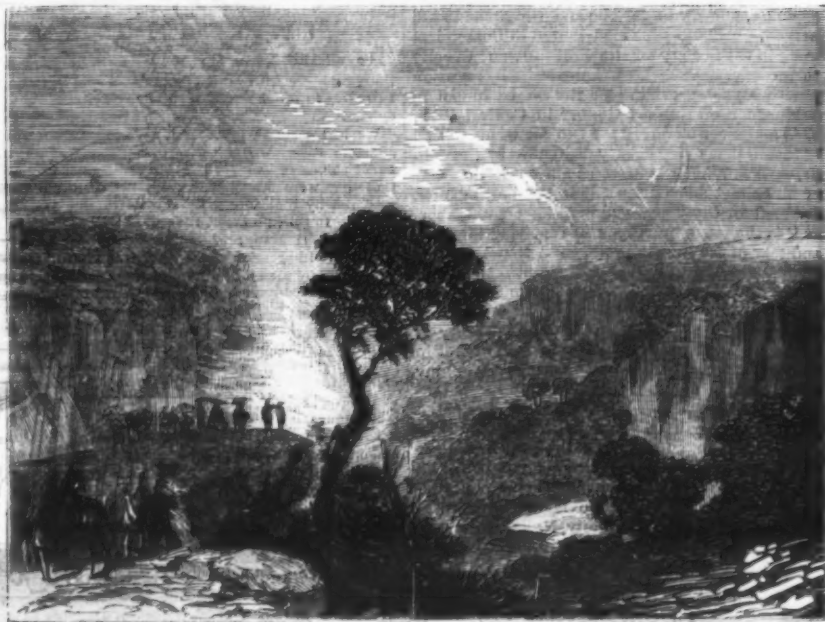
MARRIAGE OF PRINCE HUMBERT TO MARGUERITE OF SAVOIE—SIGNING THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT IN THE PALACE AT TURIN, ITALY.



INAUGURATION OF THE DURRE STATUE, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

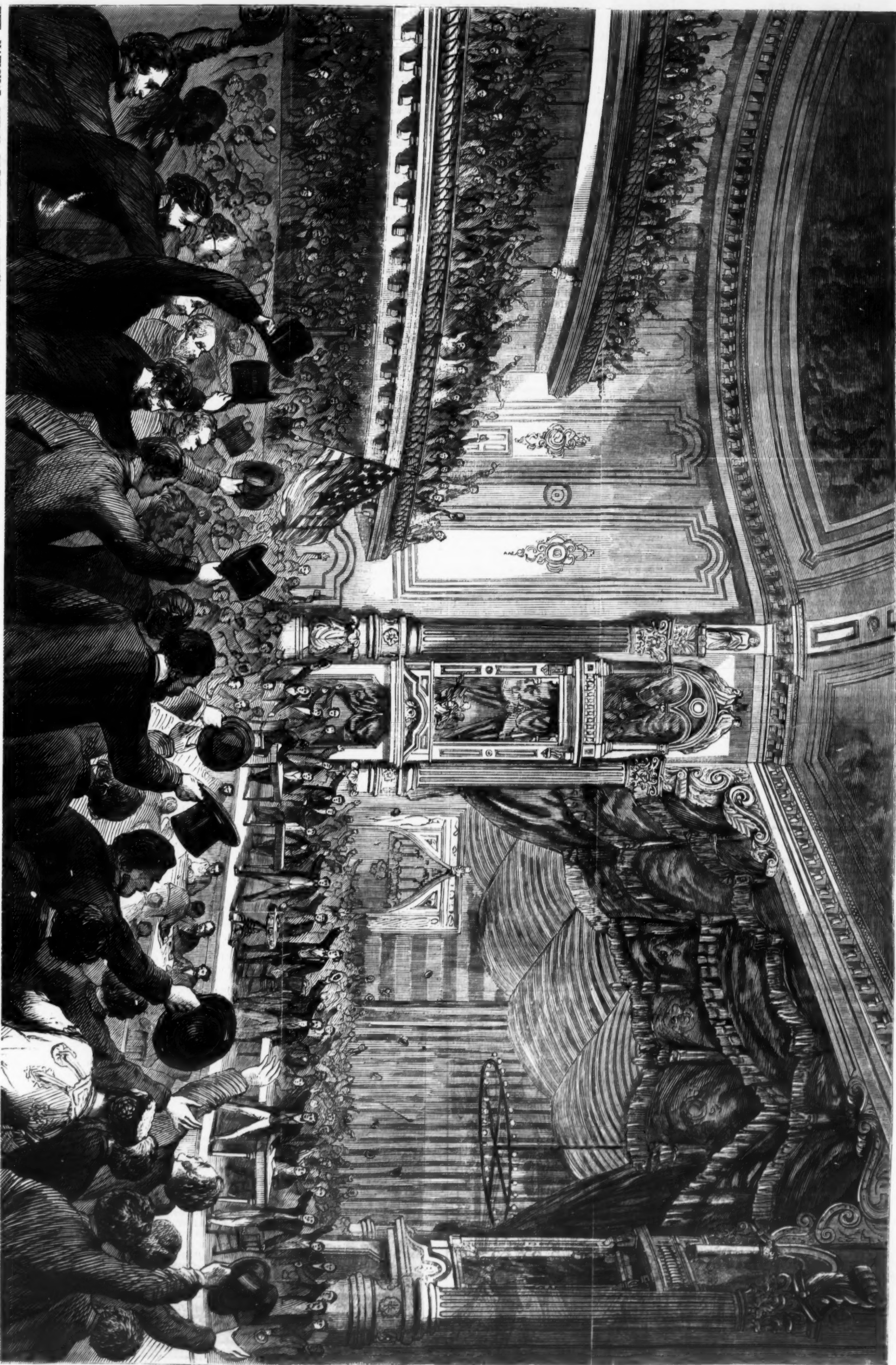


VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO IRELAND—THE GRAND NATIONAL BALL IN THE EXHIBITION PALACE, DUBLIN.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE WEATHER-BEARD FALLS, IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE NATIONAL UNION REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.—THE ANNOUNCEMENT, MAY 21ST, OF THE NOMINATION OF GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT AS THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.—SEE PAGE 179.



KATIE AND JEAN.

Oh! Jeanie and Katie,
Oh! Katie and Jean;
Why are ye both so bonnie?
I cannot choose between.

Oh! help me make appraisal,
And tell me what to do;
For Katie's eyes are hazel,
And Jeanie's eyes are blue.

Of gold are Jeanie's tresses,
Katie's, brown as robin's wing;
And Jeanie's eye expresses
What Katie's lips do sing.

They're soft as April daisies
That come with April dew;
And how my heart it crazes
To choose, when both are true!

And Katie's cheek it dimples,
And Jeanie's glows with pink,
As when a fountain sprinkles
The roses on its brink.

And Katie loves me dearly,
And so does Jeanie too;
And I love too sincerely
To choose when both are true.

THE CHILD WIFE:

A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER LXV.—SPIES.

THE friendship between Kossuth and Captain Maynard was of no common character. It had not sprung out of a mere chance acquaintance, but from circumstances calculated to cause mutual respect and admiration.

In Maynard, the illustrious Magyar saw a man like himself—devoted heart and soul to the cause of liberty.

True, he had as yet done little for it. But this did not negative his intention, fixed and fearless. Kossuth knew he had ventured out into the storm to shake a hand with, and draw sword in, his defence. Too late for the battle-field, he had since defended him with his pen; and in the darkest hour of his exile, when others stood aloof.

In Kossuth, Maynard recognized one of the "great ones of the world"—great not only in deeds and thoughts, but in all the divine attributes of humanity—in short, goodly great.

It was in contemplating Kossuth's character, he first discovered the falsity of the trite phrase, "Familiarity breeds contempt." Like most proverbs, true only when applied to ordinary men and things. The reverse with men truly great.

To his own valet Kossuth would have been a hero. Much more was he one in the eyes of his friend.

The more Maynard knew of him, the more intimate their relationship became—the less was he able to restrain his admiration.

He had grown not only to admire, but love him; and would have done for him any service consistent with honor.

Kossuth was not the man to require more. Maynard was witness to the pangs of his exile, and sympathized with him as a son, or brother. He felt indignant at the scurvy treatment he was receiving, and from a people boastful of its hospitality!

This indignation reached its highest, when on a certain day Kossuth, standing in his studio, called his attention to a house on the opposite side of the street: telling him it was inhabited by spies.

"Spies! What kind of spies?"

"Political, I suppose we may call them."

"My dear Governor, you must be mistaken! We have no such thing in England. It would not be permitted for a moment—that is, if known to the English people."

It was Maynard himself who was mistaken. He was but echoing the popular boast, and belief, of the day.

There were political spies for all that; though it was the supposed era of their first introduction, and the thing was not known. It became so afterward; and was permitted by this people—silently acquiesced in by John Bull, according to his custom when any such encroachment is made—so long as it does not increase the tax upon his beer.

"Whether known or not," answered the ex-Governor, "they are there. Step forward to the window here, and I shall show you one of them."

Maynard joined Kossuth at the window, where he had been for a time standing.

"You had better keep the curtain as a screen—if you don't wish to be recognized."

"For what should I care?"

"Well, my dear captain, this is your own country. Your coming to my house may compromise you. It will make you many powerful enemies."

"As for that, Governor, the thing's done already. All know me as your friend."

"Only as my defender. All do not know you as a plotter and conspirator—such as the *Times* describes me."

"Hal! hal! hal!" laughed the elect of a German revolutionary committee. "Much do I care about that! Such a conspirator. I'd be only too proud of the title. Where is this precious spy?"

As Maynard put the question, he stepped on into the window, without thinking of the curtain.

"Look up to that easement, in the second story," directed Kossuth; "the cottage nearly opposite—first window from the corner. Do you see anything there?"

"No; nothing but a Venetian blind."

"But the laths are apart. Can you see nothing behind them? I do distinctly. The scoundrels

are not cunning. They forget there's a back light beyond, which enables me to take note of their movements."

"Ah!" said Maynard, still gazing. "Now I see. I can make out the figure of a man seated, or standing, in the window."

"Yes; and there he is seated or standing all day; he or another. They appear to take it in turns. At night they descend to the street. Don't look any longer! He is watching us now; and it won't do to let him know that he's suspected. I have my reasons, for appearing ignorant of this espionage."

Maynard, having put on a careless look, was about drawing back, when a Hansom cab drove up to the gate of the house opposite; discharging a gentleman, who, furnished with a gate-key, entered without ringing the bell.

"That," said Kossuth, "is the chief spy, who appears to employ a considerable staff—among them a number of elegant ladies. My poor concerns must cost your Government a good sum."

Maynard was not attending to the remark. His thoughts, as well as eyes, were still occupied with the gentleman who had got out of the cab; and who, before disappearing behind the lilacs and laurels, was recognized by him as his old antagonist, Swinton!

Captain Maynard did that he had before refused, and suddenly. He concealed himself behind the window-curtain!

Kossuth observing it, inquired why?

"I chance to know the man," was Maynard's answer. "Pardon me, Governor, for having doubted your word! I can believe now, what you've told me. Spies! Oh! if the English people knew this! They would not stand it!"

"Dear friend! don't go into rhapsodies! They will stand it."

"But I won't!" cried Maynard, in a phrenzy of indignation. "If I can't reach the head of this fiendish conspiracy, I'll punish the tool employed by it. Tell me, Governor, how long since these foul birds have built their nest over there?"

"They came about a week ago. The house was occupied by a bank-clerk—a Scotchman, I believe—who seemed to turn out very suddenly. They entered upon the same day."

"A week?" said Maynard, reflecting. "That's well. He cannot have seen me. It's ten days since I was here—and—and—"

"What are you thinking of, my dear captain?" asked Kossuth, seeing that his friend was engaged in deep cogitation.

"Of a *revanche*—a revenge, if you prefer having it in our vernacular."

"Against whom?"

"That scoundrel of a spy—the chief one. I know him of old. I've long owed him a score on my own account; and I am now doubly in his debt on yours, and that of my country—disgraced by this infamy!"

"And how would you act?"

Maynard did not make immediate answer. He was still reflecting.

"Governor!" he said, after a time, "you've told me that your guests are followed by one or other of these fellows?"

"Always followed; on foot if they be walking; in a cab if riding. It is a Hansom cab that follows them—the same you saw just now. It is gone; but only to the corner, where it is kept continually on the stand—the driver having instructions to obey a signal."

"What sort of a signal?"

"It is made by the sounding of a shrill whistle—a dog-call."

"And who rides in the Hansom?"

"One or other of the two fellows you have seen. In the day time it is the one who occupies the blinded window; at night the duty is usually performed by the gentleman just returned—your old acquaintance as you say."

"This will do!" said Maynard, in soliloquy.

Then, turning to Kossuth, he inquired:

"Governor! Have you any objection to my remaining your guest till the sun goes down, and a little after?"

"My dear captain! Why do you ask the question? You know how glad I shall be of your company?"

"Another question. Do you chance to have in your house such a thing as a horsewhip?"

"My adjutant, I have, as I believe. He is devoted to hunting."

"Still another question. Is there among madame's drygoods half a yard of black crape? A quarter of a yard will do."

"Ah!" sighed the exile, "my poor wife's wardrobe is all of that color. I'm sure she can supply you with plenty of crape. But say, *cher capitaine*! what do you want with it?"

"Don't ask me to tell you, your Excellency—not now. Be so good as to lend me those two things. To-morrow I shall return them; and at the same time give you an account of the use I have made of them. If fortune favor me, it will be then possible to do so."

Kossuth, perceiving that his friend was determined on reticence, did not further press for an explanation.

He lit a long chibouque, of which some half dozen—presently received during his stay at Kutayah, in Turkey—stood in a corner of the room.

Inviting Maynard to take one of them, the two sat smoking and talking; till the light of a street-lamp, flashing athwart the window, told them the day was done.

"Now, Governor!" said Maynard, getting up out of his chair; "I've but one more request to make of you: that you will send out your servant to fetch me a cab."

"Of course," said Kossuth, touching a spring-bell, that stood on the table of his studio.

A domestic made appearance—a girl whose stolid German physiognomy Maynard seemed to distrust. Not that he disliked her looks; but she wasn't the thing for his purpose.

"Does your Excellency keep a man-servant?"

he asked. "Excuse me for putting such a question?"

"Indeed, no, my dear captain! In my poor exiled state I do not feel justified. If it is only to fetch a cab, Gertrude can do it. She speaks English well enough for that."

Maynard once more glanced at the girl—still distrustfully.

"Stay!" said Kossuth. "There's a man comes to us in the evenings. Perhaps he is here now. Gertrude! Is Karl Steiner in the kitchen?"

"Yes," was the laconic answer.

"Tell him to come to me."

Gertrude drew back; perhaps wondering why she was not considered smart enough to be sent for a hackney.

"He's an intelligent fellow, this Karl," said Kossuth, after the girl had gone out of the room. "He speaks English fluently, or you may talk to him in French; and you can also trust him with your confidence."

Karl came in.

His looks did not belie the description the ex-Governor had given of him.

"Do you know anything of horses?" was the first question, put to him in French.

"I have been ten years in the stables of Count Teleki. His Excellency knows that."

"Yes, captain. This young man has been groom to our friend Teleki; and you know the count's propensity for horseflesh."

Kossuth spoke of a distinguished Hungarian noble; then, like himself, a refugee in London.

"Enough!" said Maynard, apparently satisfied that Steiner was his man. "Now, Monsieur Karl, I merely want you to call me a cab."

"Which sort, *votre seigneurie*?" asked the ex-groom, giving the true stable salute. "Hansom, or four-wheel?"

"Hansom," replied Maynard, pleased with the man's sharpness.

"*Tres bien*."

"And hear me, Monsieur Karl; I want you to select one with a horse that can go. You understand me?"

"*Parfaitement*."

"When you've brought it to the gate, come inside here; and don't wait to see me into it."

With another touch to his cap, Karl went off on his errand.

"Now, Governor!" said Maynard, "I must ask you to look up that horsewhip, and quarter yard of crape."

Kossuth appeared in a quandary.

"I hope, captain," he said, "you don't intend any—"

"Excuse me, your Excellency," said Maynard, interrupting him. "I don't intend anything that may compromise you. I have my own feelings to satisfy in this matter—my own wrongs I might call them; but certainly those of my country."

The patriotic speech went home to the Hungarian patriot's heart. He made no farther attempt at appeasing the irate adventurer; but stepping hastily out of the room, soon returned, carrying the crape and horsewhip—the latter a true hound-scorer, with buckhorn handle.

The gritting of wheels on the gravel told that the cab had drawn up before the gate.

"Good-night, Governor!" said Maynard, taking the things from Kossuth's hand. "If the *Times* of to-morrow tells you of a gentleman having been soundly horsewhipped, don't say it was I who did it!"

And with this singular caution Maynard made his adieu to the ex-Dictator of Hungary!

CHAPTER LXVI.—TWO CABS.

IN London dark nights are the rule, not the exception. More especially in the month of November; when the fog rolls up from the muddy Thames, spreading its plague-like pall over the metropolis.

On just such a night a cab might have been seen issuing from the *embouchure* of South Bank, passing down Park Road, and turning abruptly into the Park, through the "Hanover Gate."

So dense was the fog, it could only have been seen, by one who chanced to be near it; and very near to know that it was a Hansom.

The bull's-eye burning overhead in front reflected inside just sufficient light, to show that it carried only a single "fare," of the masculine gender.

A more penetrating light would have made apparent a gentleman—so far as dress was concerned—sitting with something held in his hand that resembled a hunting-whip.

But the brightest light would not have sufficed for the scanning of his face—concealed as it was behind a covering of crape.

Before the cab carrying him had got clear of the intricacies of South Bank, a low whistle was heard both by him and his driver.

He seemed to have been listening for it; and was not surprised to see another cab—a Hansom like his own—standing on the corner of Park Road as he passed out—its Jehu, with reins in hand, just settling himself upon his seat, as if preparing to start. Any one, who could have looked upon his face at the moment, could have told he had been expecting it.

Nor was he astonished; on passing through Hanover Gate, to perceive that the second cab was coming after him.

If you enter the Regent's Park by this gate, take the left hand turning, and proceed for about a quarter of a mile, you will reach a spot, secluded as any within the limits of London. It is where the canal, traversing along the borders of the Park, but inside its palings, runs between deep embankments, on both sides densely wooded. So solitary is this place, that a stranger to the locality could not believe himself to be within the boundaries of the British metropolis.

A lamp at long distances occasionally reflects its feeble light upon the painted faces of those courtesans dangerous to be encountered; still more rarely does it glance upon the bright buttons of a patrolling policeman.

On the night in question neither the Park hag,

nor its constable, were encountered along the drive. The damp, dense fog rendered it uncomfortable for both.

All the more favorable for him carried in the leading cab, whose design required darkness.

"Jarvis!" said he, addressing himself to his driver, through the little trap-door overhead. "You see that Hansom behind us?"

"Can't see, but I hear it, sir."

"Well; there's a gentleman inside it I intend horsewhipping."

"All right, sir. Tell me when you want to stop." "I want to stop about three hundred yards this side the Zoological Gardens. There's a covey that comes close to the road. Pull up alongside of it; and stay there till I return to you."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the driver, who, having received a sovereign in advance, was dead-bent on obedience. "Anything else I can do for your honor?"

"All I want of you is: if you hear any interference on the part of the driver, you might leave your horse for a little—just to see fair play."

"Trust me, your honor! Don't trouble your self about that. I'll take care of him!"

If there be any chivalry in a London cabman; it is to be found in the driver of a Hansom—especially after having received a sovereign with the prospect of earning another. This was well-known to his "fare" with the crape face.

On reaching the described covey the leading cab was pulled up—its passenger leaping instantly out, and gliding in under the trees.

Almost at the same instant, its pursuer came to a stand—somewhat to the surprise of him who sat inside it.

"They've stopped, sir," said the driver, whispering down through the trap.

"I see that, d—n them! What can it be for?"

"To give you a horsewhipping!" cried a man with a masked face, springing up on the foot-board, and clutching the inquirer by the collar.

A piteous cry from Mr. Swinton—for it was he—did not hinder him from being dragged out of his Hansom, and receiving a chastisement he would remember to his dying day!

His driver, leaping from the box, made show to interfere. But he was met by another driver equally eager, and somewhat stronger; who, seizing him by the throat, didn't let go his hold of him till he had fairly earned the additional sovereign!

A policeman, who chanced to overhear the piteous cries of Swinton, came straddling up to the spot. But only after the scuffle had ended, and the wheels of a swift cab departing through the thick fog, told him he was too late to take the aggressor into custody!

The spy proceeded no farther.

After being disembarassed of the policeman, he was but too happy to be driven back to the villa in South Bank.

CHAPTER LXVII.—DISINTERESTED SYMPATHY.

ON arriving at his own residence, Swinton's servants scarcely recognized him. It was as much as his own wife could do. There were several dark wales traced diagonally across his cheeks, with a purple shading around his left "peeper;" for in punishing the spy, Maynard had made use not only of an implement of the hunting-field, but one more peculiar to the "ring."

With a skin full of sore bones, and many ugly abrasions, Swinton tottered indoors, to receive the sympathies of his beloved Fan.

She was not alone in bestowing them. Sir Robert Cottrell had dropped in during his absence; and the friendly baronet appeared as much pained, as if the sufferer had been his brother.

He had less difficulty in counterfeiting sorrow. His chagrin at the quick return supplied him with an inspiration.

"What is it, my dear Swinton? For heaven's sake tell us what has happened to you?"

"You see, Sir Robert?" answered the maltreated man.

"I see that you've suffered some damage. But who did it?"

"Footpads in the Park. I was driving around it to get to the east side. You know that horrid place this side of the Zoo Gardens, where those hags—"

"Oh, yes," answered Sir Robert, who had himself been "accosted" by them.

"Well; I'd got round there, when all at once the cab was stopped by half a score of scoundrels—their pale, I suppose—and I was instantly pulled out into the road. While half of them took hold of the driver, the other half proceeded to search my pockets. Of course I resisted; and you see what's come of it. They'd have killed me, but for a policeman who chanced to come up, after I'd done my best, and was about getting the worst of it. They then ran off, leaving me in this precious condition—d—n them!"

"D—n them!" said Sir Robert, repeating the anathema with pretended indignation. "Do you think there's no chance of your being able to identify them?"

"Not the slightest. The fog was so thick you could have cut it with a knife; and they ran off, before the policeman could get hold of any one of them. In his long cumbersome coat it would have been simple nonsense to follow. He said so; and of course I could only climb back into my cab and drive home here. It's lucky I had a cab; for damme, if I believe I could have walked it!"

"By Jove! you do appear damaged!" said the sympathizing baronet. "Don't you think you had better go to bed?"

Sir Robert had a design in the suggestion.

"Oh, no," rejoined Swinton, who, despite the confusion of his ideas, perfectly understood it. "I'm not so bad as that. I'll take a lie down on this sofa; and you, Fan, order me some brandy and water! You'll join me, Sir Robert. I'm still able to smoke a cigar with you."

"You'd better have an oyster to your eye!" said the baronet, drawing out his glass and scr-

thinking the empurpled peeper. "It will keep down that 'mouse' that seems to be creeping out underneath it. 'Twill help to take out the color."

"A devilish good idea! Fan, send one of the servants for an oyster. Stay; while they're about it they may as well bring a couple of dozen. Could you eat some, Sir Robert?"

Sir Robert thought he could. He did not much care for them, but it would be an excuse to procrastinate his stay. Perhaps something might turn up to secure him a *tele-a-tele* with Mrs. Swinton. He had just commenced one that was promising to be agreeable, when so unexpectedly interrupted.

"We may as well make a supper of it!" suggested Swinton, who having already taken a gulp of the brandy and water, was feeling himself again.

"Let the servant order three dozen, my dear. That will be a dozen for each of us."

"No, it won't," jokingly rejoined the baronet. "With three dozen, some one of us will have to be contented with eleven."

"How so, Sir Robert?"

"You forget the oyster that is to go to your eye. And now I look more carefully at that adolescent mouse, I think it will require at least a couple of the bivalves to give it a proper covering."

Swinton laughed at the baronet's ready wit. How could he help it?

"Well, let them be baker's dozen," he said. "That will cover everything."

Three baker's dozen were ordered and brought. Fan saw to them being stewed in the kitchen, and placed with appropriate "trimmings" on the table; while the biggest of them spread upon a white rag was laid against her husband's eye, and there snugly bandaged.

It blinded that one eye. Stingy as he was, Sir Robert would have given a sovereign had it shut the sight out of both!

But it did not; and the three sate down to supper, his host keeping the sound eye upon him.

And so carefully was it kept upon him, that the baronet felt bored with the situation, and wished himself back at his club.

He thought of making some excuse to escape from it; and then of staying, and trying to make the best of it.

An idea occurred to him.

"This brute sometimes gets drunk," was his mental soliloquy, as he looked across the table of his host with the Cyclopaean eye. "If I can make him so, there might be a chance of getting a word with her. I wonder whether it can be done? It can't cost much to try. Half a dozen of champagne ought to do it."

"I say, Swinton!" he said, aloud, addressing his host in a friendly, familiar manner. "I never eat stewed oysters without champagne. Have you got any in the house? Excuse me for asking the question? It's a positive impertinence."

"Nothing of the sort, Sir Robert. I'm only sorry to say there's not a single bottle of champagne in my cellar. We've been here such a short while, I've not had time to stock it. But no matter for that. I can send out, and get—"

"No!" said the baronet, interrupting him. "I shan't permit that; unless you allow me to pay for it."

"Sir Robert!"

"Don't be offended, my dear fellow. That isn't what I mean. The reason why I've made the offer is because I know you can't get real champagne in this neighborhood—not nearer than Winkworth & Price, in the Marylebone Road. Now, it so happens that they are my wine merchants. Let me send to them. It isn't very far. Your servant, in a Hansom cab, can fetch the stuff, and be back in fifteen minutes. But to get the right stuff he must order it for me."

Sir Robert's host was not the man to stand upon punctilio. Good champagne was not so easily procured—especially in the neighborhood of St. John's Wood. He knew it; and, surrendering his scruples, he rang the bell for the servant, permitting Sir Robert to write out the order. It was *carte blanche*, both for the cab and champagne.

In less than twenty minutes the messenger returned, bringing back with him a basket of choice "*Cliquot*."

In five minutes more a bottle was uncorked; and the three sate quaffing it, Swinton, his wife, and the stinging nobleman who stood treat—not stingy now, over that which promised him a pleasure!

CHAPTER LXVIII.—AN IRKSOME IMPRISONMENT.

SUCCESSING his castigation it was all of a week before Mr. Swinton could make appearance upon the streets—during daylight.

The discoloration of his cheeks, caused by the horsewhip, was slow of coming out; and even the oyster kept on for twenty-four hours failed to eliminate the purple crescent under his eye.

He had to stay indoors—sneaking out only at night.

The pain was slight. But the chagrin was intolerable; and he would have given a good sum out of his spy pay to have had revenge upon the man who had so chastised him.

This was impossible; and for several reasons; among others, his ignorance of who it was. He only knew that his chastiser had been a guest of Kossuth; and this from his having come out of Kossuth's house. He had not himself seen the visitor as he went in; and his subordinate, who shared with him the duplicate duty of watching and dogging, did not know him. He was a stranger who had not been there before—at least since the establishment of the picket.

From the description given of his person, as also what Swinton had himself seen of it through the thick fog—something, too, from what he had felt—he had formed, in his own mind, a suspicion as to who the individual was. He could not help

thinking of Maynard. It may seem strange he should have thought of him. But no; for the truth is, that Maynard was rarely out of his mind. The affair at Newport was a thing not easily forgotten. And there was the other affair in Paris; where Julia Girdwood had shown an interest in the Zouaves' captive that did not escape observation from her jealous escort.

He had been made aware of her brief absence from the Louvre Hotel; and conjectured its object. Notwithstanding the apparent slight she had put upon his rival in the Newport ball-room, he suspected her of a secret inclination to him—unknown to her mother.

It made Swinton savage to think of it; the more from a remembrance of another and older rivalry, in which the same man had outstripped him. To be beaten in a love intrigue, backed out in a duel, and finally flogged with a horsewhip, are three distinct humiliations, any one of which is enough to make a man savage.

And Swinton was so, to the point of ferocity. That Maynard had done to him the two first, he knew—about the last he was not so certain. But he conjectured it was he who had handled the horsewhip. This, despite the obscurity caused by the fog, and the crape masking the face of his chastiser.

The voice that had accosted him, did not sound like Maynard's; but it also may have been masked!

During the time he was detained indoors, he passed a portion of it in thinking of revenge; and studying how he was to obtain it.

Had his patron seen him, as he sate almost continually behind the Venetian, with his eyes upon Kossuth's gate, he would have given him credit for an assiduous attention to his duties.

But he was not so honest as he seemed. Many visitors entered the opposite house—some of them strange-looking characters, whose very stride spoke of revolution—entered and took departure, without being dogged!

The spy, brooding over his own private resentment, had no thoughts to spare for the service of the State. Among the visitors of Kossuth he was desirous of identifying Captain Maynard.

He had no definite idea as to what he would do to him; least of all that of giving him into custody. The publicity of the police court would have been fatal to him—as damaging to his employer and patron. It might cause exposure of the existence of that spy system, hitherto unsuspected in England. The man, who had got out of the Hansom to horsewhip him, must have known that he was being followed, and wherefore. It would never do for the British public to know it.

Swinton had no intention of letting them know; nor yet Lord P——, his employer. To the latter, calling occasionally of evenings, he told the same story as that imparted to Sir Robert Cottrell—only with the addition that, the footpads had set upon him while in the exercise of his avocation as a servant of the State!

The generous Minister was shocked at his mishap; sympathized with him, but thought it better to say nothing about it; hinted at an increase of pay; and advised him, since he could not show himself during daylight on the streets, to take the air after night—else his health might suffer by a too close confinement!

The protégé accepted this advice; several times going out of an evening, and betaking himself to a St. John's Wood tavern, where "enchore" was played in the parlor. He had now a stake, and could enjoy the game.

Twice, returning home at a late hour, he found Lord P—— in his own parlor, quietly conversing with his wife. His lordship had simply called up to inquire after his health; and having also some slight matter to communicate, had been impatiently waiting his return!

The patron did not say impatiently. He would not have been so impolite. It was an interpolation proceeding from the lips of "Fan."

And Swinton saw all this; and much more. He saw new bracelets glistening upon his wife's wrist, diamond drops dangling from her ears, and a costly ring sparkling upon her finger—not there before!

He saw them, without inquiring whence they had come. He cared not; or if he did, it was not with any distaste at their secret bestowal. Sir Robert Cottrell saw them, with more displeasure than he!

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland.—The Ceremony of Investing and Installing the Prince as a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick.—Grand National Ball in the Exhibition Palace, Dublin.

The ceremony of investing and installing the Prince of Wales as a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick was by far the most imposing feature attending the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland. The services were conducted at Dublin, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the interior of which had been considerably transformed for the occasion. Reception-rooms were fitted up in the most elegant manner for the distinguished visitors and the Knights of the Order, and the entire edifice, aided by the display of costly and glittering costumes, and the various emblems and belongings of the Order, wore the most brilliant aspect. After the usual formalities had been observed, the Marquis of Clanricarde and Marquis Conyngham, as Senior Knights, by order of the Grand Master, descended from their stalls, and girt his Royal Highness with the sword, the prelate reading the solemn admonition. The Prince was then robed with the blue mantle, another admonition was read in an impressive manner, and the Prince advanced to the throne of the Grand Master, where he was invested with the handsome collar of the Order. After a flourish of trumpets, Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-of-Arms, proceeded to read the title of his highness, at the conclusion of which the choir performed an anthem from "The Creation," and the assembly slowly dispersed, making the prescribed reverence to the Grand Master as they filed past his throne. On the evening of the 22d of April, a grand ball was held in the Dublin Exhibition Palace, in honor of their Royal Highnesses. The illu-

mination of the building was most effective. Gas was molded into every form, and the rose, thistle and shamrock, the emblems of national union, were conspicuous in every portion of the great hall. A canopy of velvet drapery was constructed for the royal party, standing upon a dais, approached by a flight of steps, and carpeted in crimson. On each side were trophies and figures in ancient armor, and on pedestals at the head of the steps reposed two immense gilded lions. The Prince and Princess mingled freely in the brilliant and ever-changing scenes, and the dance was kept up until after four o'clock the following morning.

A Cossack Wedding at Koujarsk.

Our engravings represent two features of a Cossack wedding—the festival on the wedding eve, and the bride riding through the village. The nuptial festivities generally commence five or six days before the marriage-day, and continue from night to night, till the final ceremony. All the friends of the bride—that is, those of her own sex—assemble at her house in the morning, to work at her bridal outfit. In the evening the young men join them, and seat themselves around the room; the girls stand together in the middle space. One of them offers a glass of wine or brandy to one of the young men, and asks his baptismal name, and that of his father. They then commence to dance in a circle, mingling the names with their songs, and keeping time with their feet. This dance, though it would seem ridiculous if performed by the best dancers at a fashionable ball, is, as executed by those Cossack girls, at once graceful and natural in its simplicity and earnestness. At noon, on the wedding-day, all the guests assemble at the residence of the bride, arrayed in their holiday suits. The young girls surround the bride, arrange her apparel, dress her hair, and wipe away her tears. None speak except in whispers. All are calm and serious. In the courtyard the drozhkis, cars and saddle-horses, wait to conduct the wedding-party to the church. There being such a bewildering superfluity of firewomen, the toilet of the bride occupies an hour and a half. The bridegroom takes the hand of his betrothed, and prostrates himself three times before the chief magistrate of the place, who attends on such occasions. The latter holds an image of some saint, which he presents to the young couple, and at the same time hands them a dish containing a large loaf of bread; then the parents of the bride take the image and the loaf, and the young couple arise and kiss devoutly those consecrated symbols of religion and abundance. Then the procession forms to go to church. The mounted Cossacks dash off at a gallop, pass and repass the nuptial car, bending almost to the earth while clinging to their saddle-bows. As thus they fly like the winds, with their hair sweeping the ground, they scatter the dust with pistol-shots, reload, rein in their horses at mid-career till the beasts tremble on their haunches, fire, and off again they dart! That is called "Djigitowka"—the English of it is yet to be determined. The ceremonies at the church are much the same as in other Christian lands, and need not be described.

Marriage of Prince Humbert of Italy to Marguerite de Savoie—Signing the Marriage Contract at the Palace at Turin.

The marriage of Prince Humbert, heir-apparent to the throne of Italy, to his cousin, the Princess Marguerite de Savoie, has been hailed with enthusiasm by the Italians. The ceremony of signing the contract, represented in our engraving, occurred at Turin on the 21st of April. The Minister of Foreign Affairs officiated as notary. The witnesses of the Prince were the Archduke Louis Victoria of Austria and the Prince Royal of Prussia. The next day the civil marriage was celebrated, and immediately afterward their Royal Highnesses proceeded to the metropolitan church, where the civil and military authorities were assembled. The religious ceremony was very imposing, but the grand reception in the evening was magnificent. Among the guests were the Queen of Portugal, the Princess Clothilde, the Duchesses of Gênes and Aoste, Prince Napoleon, the Prince Royal of Prussia, the Archduke Victor, and a crowd of titled personages from various countries. The ball was a festive marvel, the toilets of dazzling splendor. The Princess Marguerite wore a rose-colored dress. Her court robes were ornamented with Alençon lace of rare beauty. During the day the city was one vast scene of festivity, the principal feature of which was the tournament, under the direction of the Princes Amédée and Thomas.

Inauguration of the Burke Statue, at Dublin, Ireland.

The inauguration of the statue of the statesman Burke, at Dublin, Ireland, took place on the 22d of April, in the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. A procession was formed of the members of Trinity College, together with many distinguished officers, and proceeded to College Green followed by the royal and viceregal suites. A vast concourse of people had assembled at this place to witness the unveiling of the statue by the Prince, and as the procession approached, cheer after cheer rose from the multitude in honor of their royal guest. When quiet had been restored, Prince Albert rose in his carriage, and in a clear voice ordered the statue to be uncovered; and the veil immediately fell, revealing the figure of the statesman in a dignified, natural attitude, one hand resting upon the side, and the other extended and grasping a scroll. The cheering at the appearance of the beautiful work of art was most enthusiastic, and continued long after the royal travelers had withdrawn from the scene.

The Duke of Edinburgh at the Weather-board Waterfalls, New South Wales.

During the stay of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh in New South Wales, he visited the Weather-board Waterfalls, which are situated about sixty miles from Sydney. On the arrival of the royal party at Penrith, the Prince was heartily welcomed by the inhabitants, and a band of several hundred school children. Continuing their journey, the Prince and suite traveled up the zigzag incline by which the railroad ascends to a height of 1,800 feet above Emu Plains, until they arrived at the Weatherboard Station, where they were received by the scantily-attired bushmen who inhabit the district. The various objects of interest were pointed out, and the peculiar scenery of the falls viewed from several different positions. The party staid three hours, ate a substantial luncheon, and went back to Sydney in the afternoon.

Taking the Vote on the Impeachment of President Johnson, Senate Chamber, D. C., May 16th—Senator Ross, of Kansas, Voting "Not Guilty."

SENATOR ROSS, of Kansas, is the man who has been marked as responsible for the acquittal of the President. It is true that his vote counted but as one in determining the result, and had therefore no more intrinsic value than that of any other one of his co-legislators; but the fact that his voice had been depended on for conviction, and, at the last moment, was

given for acquittal, renders him, whether justly or not, conspicuous as the man who turned the evenly poised scale.

Our engraving represents the Senator in the act of uttering, in answer to the formal interrogatory of the Chief Justice, the words, "Not guilty!" that, like some phrase of incantation, defeated a judicial movement of national importance, and have wrought, perhaps, a change in the destiny of the Republic. The scene of subdued but intense excitement in the Senate Chamber, while the vote was being taken, has but few parallels in the history of judicial or legislative proceedings, and the anxiety and suspense were doubtless at their acme when Senator Ross arose to answer to his name.

President Johnson Receiving the Congratulations of his Friends, on the Verdict of Acquittal, at the White House, Washington, D. C., May 16th.

OF course the news of the acquittal of President Johnson, on the 16th of May, was the signal for numbers of his friends and adherents at the national capital to present themselves at the White House, to go through the congratulatory process appropriate to the occasion. How many were sincere in their congratulations—how many were prompted by the expectation of favors from the still flowing fountain of patronage—how many were actuated merely by the impulse of human nature to pay court to success—not we, nor Mr. Johnson, nor any one, can tell. Immediately after the result of the vote was announced, Mr. Stanberry and Judge Nelson drove rapidly from the Capitol to the White House, and had immediate audience with the President. Postmaster General Randall also called with a party of friends, and later in the afternoon other members of the Cabinet presented themselves, while hundreds of anti-impeachers thronged the ante-chambers and corridors, and waited an opportunity to enter the Executive presence.

CHINESE FEAST OF THE DEAD.

THE *Alta Californian* of recent date gives the following account of a peculiar ceremony of the Chinese population in San Francisco:

The annual feast of the dead, lasting some three or four days, during which time the believers in the Buddhist faith—among which may be classed the whole of our Chinese population—pay visits to the graves of their dead friends, bearing testimonials of their affectionate remembrance, commenced yesterday, and all day long the road leading to Lone Mountain has been thronged with carriages filled with celestial visitors and Caucasian novelty-seekers. Riding out to the Chinese quarter of the cemetery in the morning, we found the ceremonies in honor of the dead in full blast, and the place swarming with celestials, with a fair sprinkling of male and female visitors of our own race. The ceremonies did not seem to partake in any marked degree of a religious character, but seemed more like a friendly visit, lunch and chit-chat with the dear departed. Sticks of prepared incense, or "joss sticks," and red wax candles, with small sticks to hold them above the sand, were burning by the head of nearly every grave and in and around the open brick enclosure or temple, and its wooden counterpart on the hill above.

Nearly every party, in driving on the ground, would let off a *feu de joie* of fire-crackers by way of announcing to their friends in the spirit-land that they were on hand and prepared for business. Then the roast pig, oranges, bananas, pieces of sugar-cane, and other toothsome delicacies prepared for the occasion, would be unloaded from the wagons, and a nice spread, or lay-out, would be arranged at each grave, or in the nondescript enclosures, which, for want of a better name, we call temples.

After the spread had been arranged, rows of tiny porcelain cups would be set down on the sand and poured full of sam choo, or other alcoholic or vinous liquor. After a few minutes a fire would be kindled, and baskets full of square, vari-colored paper would be burned, the estates would be packed up again and put back in the wagons, the liquor would be turned on the fire, or on the ground, and the joss sticks and candles lighted and left burning. Then a woman would take up a handful of pale-colored squares of paper, each with a bit of gold foil fastened on the centre, and, twirling them dexterously in her hand so as to arrange them in the form of a Catharine wheel, as a Caucasian sport will sometimes arrange a pack of cards, fling them into the air, sending them fluttering away on the wind for many rods. The whole cemetery all around the Chinese quarter is full of these little squares of gilt paper, and whatever virtue they may possess will be largely shared by the occupants of the Potter's Field of our own race, whose graves are strewn with them as the ground in a forest is strewn with leaves.

The visitors would then walk around for a short time, chat, laugh, and exchange congratulations with their living friends, and then ride away to the city, apparently in the best of humor with themselves and the rest of mankind.

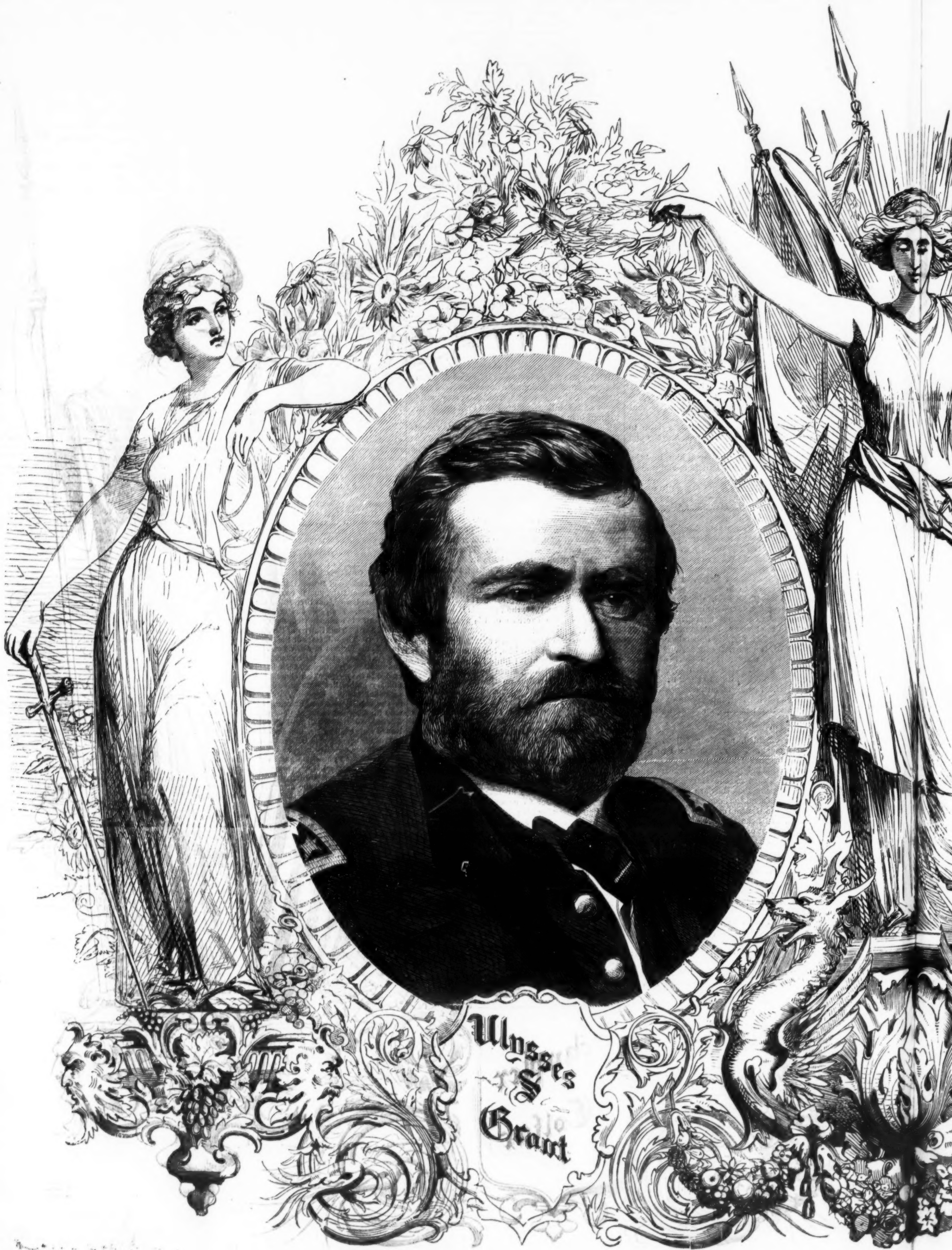
All the celestials come and go in carriages, the rich merchants in the costliest hacks to be hired at the Plaza, and the poorer classes in hamster style, but all in vehicles of some kind. In a hack drawn by two fine grays, with silver-mounted harness, you would see four opulent merchants in their "Sunday's best," smoking cigars, and evidently enjoying themselves thoroughly, and next to them would come an express wagon, loaded with common laborers, who clutched together, and, by riding a dozen in one conveyance, managed to keep the expense within their means, while a third would be filled with women of the public class only. And the offerings they brought to please their dead friends were of like diverse character.

Behind the carriages of the rich men would come a wagon loaded with delicacies of the costliest description, hogs roasted entire, and provisions by wholesale, while the poor cigar-maker, washerwoman, or the peddler of fruit and vegetables, would humbly bear in his hands a few trifles such as his means would justify him in purchasing. All were in carriages, but in a day or two, after the first rush is over, the poorer laborers and rag-pickers will be seen starting out, in parties of half a dozen, carrying in their hands some little trifles, purchased with the hard earnings of weeks, to place by the graves of the loved friends gone before.

We saw nothing of any priests, or any signs of regular religious ceremonies, and the occasion is probably looked upon by the Chinese in somewhat the same light as that in which the gay Parisians regard their annual visit to *Père La Chaise*, and their decoration of the graves of their dead with flowers. The sight altogether is not an unpleasant one, nor one calculated to make us think less kindly of a people who show such veneration for the memory of their dead—grotesque, and, to us, outlandish as the demonstration in its particular form may be seen.

A NEWSPAPER editor inadvertently wrote, about a woman who had not been buried with proper observance, the following sentences:

"She was buried like a dog with her clothes on." Next week he saw his mistake, and corrected it thus: "She was buried with her clothes on like a dog." The third week, exasperated with the previous blunders, he had it thus: "Like a dog with her clothes on she was buried." He then gave it up.



THE CANDIDATE
FOR THE PRESIDENCY AND VICE-PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES, NOMINATED BY THE NATIONAL



CANDIDATES

THE NATIONAL UNION REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, AT CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 21st., 1868.—SEE PAGE 179.

MY CASTLE!

I built a castle fair to see,
I chose a rosy cloud for site;
Its first laid stones of pearls were,
And diamonds flashing back the light.

Its walls arose, of burnished gold;
I crowned it with a sapphire dome;
Each pillar rose, a crystal gem.
Such was the splendor of my home!

Up to the battlements there wound,
Within the keep, a golden stair,
And from a staff a banner wav'd,
With quaint devices, rich and rare.

And from these giddy heights the gaze
Pierced far into the upper skies,
And through a rosy mist there shone
The glim'ring gates of Paradise!

I dug a moat around the walls,
I filled its depths with waters bright;
Upon its waves pure lilies lay,
Like fairy argosies of light.

And in its hall, with fairy touch,
I raised a gem-encrusted shrine—
A throne! on which my queen I placed,
With sunny hair, and brow divine!

I said, "My home I'll enter now!"
Back flew the gates so pearly fair!
I saw my love, with glorious smile,
Stand waiting by the golden stair.

I placed my foot the threshold on:
"Farewell," I cried, "corroding Care!"
When, lo! all vanish'd; for, alas!
'Twas but a "castle in the air!"

RED HOT.

"Fool! madman! what are you about?"

The speaker was a well-dressed—perhaps too well-dressed middle-aged man—and the person whom he so unflatteringly addressed was a younger and far shabbier person, with the additional peculiarity of an evident determination to put a period to his existence by means of a pistol pressed to his right temple.

The scene was one of the worst and chaotic spaces in which terminate the magnificent streets of San Francisco, that mushroom among cities, and the hour was two in the morning. A debauched and dissipated man gazed with bleared and faded eye upon the scene, quite too usual a one to excite either horror or compassion in the heart of any California Dian abroad at such an hour.

"What are you about, you idiot!" repeated the elder actor in this little scene, and at the same moment he adroitly knocked the pistol from the hand of the "idiot," and placed his foot upon it.

"About!" growled the gentleman thus interrupted in his amusement. "I'm about getting out of this cursed world as fast as I can go, and I should like to know, Wilson Thomas, what the d—l gives you a right to interfere?"

"Right! Rutledge?" replied Thomas, quietly, picking up and pocketing the revolver. "Well, I don't know that I had any special right to interfere, only I'm a good-natured fellow, and somehow can't bear to see a man going to the bad when a word of mine might stop him."

"A word of yours! A good-natured fellow! Oh, indeed!" sneered the young man called Rutledge, in a tone of the most concentrated bitterness possible to imagine. "Really, Mr. Thomas, I never gave you credit for such fine sentiments and charming philanthropy. Oh, hang it, man, don't come here sickening me with your hypocritical cant, after ruining me body and soul, and driving me to this, just as sure as we both stand here. Yes, Wilson Thomas, as sure as God sees, and hears us, too, at this minute, it's you that are my murderer, though it's my hand that pulls the trigger; and though the law will say that it's I, and not you, that fired the shot, you are my murderer, and I hope you'll suffer for it in the lowest depth of the bottomless pit to all eternity. Now give me that pistol and go your way, or, if you had rather, stop where you are. It's little enough difference it makes to me. Give me my pistol, I say, or I'll take it, and maybe give you a taste of it! I'm a desperate man to-night, Thomas, and not safe to trifle with!"

"Desperate, my poor fellow! I should think you were! But I have a few words to say that may change that condition of mind for you; and meantime, as this pistol seems to disturb your mind, I will put it out of the question at once."

With which words Mr. Thomas quietly fired the five barrels of the revolver in the direction of the moon, and buried the useless weapon into the midst of the waste ground before him.

"There," said he, coolly approaching and passing his arm beneath that of Rutledge; "to-morrow morning you will easily find your pistol, if you care to have it again. And now let us get out of the way before the patrol comes up to see what the shots are about, if, indeed, they take the trouble to do so."

"What do I care to get out of the way of the patrol? I'd as lieve be put in jail, or hung even, as to starve or shoot myself. Those are about the only employments you've left open for me," muttered Rutledge, yielding, even while he spoke, to the impulse given by his companion, who, smiling grimly to himself, made no reply for a moment, but led him quickly down the street behind them, and through a cross alley into the broad thoroughfare of Frazer's Avenue, before he spoke again.

Then he said:

"Rutledge, I have won your money, to be sure, but it was fairly won, you can't deny. Have I ever done you any other harm?"

"Yes. You've made a desperate and reckless gambler out of a—"

"Well?" sneered Thomas; "out of a what?"

You were not just a nursing babe or a timid young girl when I first met you, were you?"

"No!" retorted Rutledge, fiercely. "But I was a man, with a fair prospect of fortune and happiness and—other things which I won't mention to you; and now I am a— O God! how dare I think what I now am!"

In the waning light of the dissipated moon, the man whose evil counsels had wrought his ruin stood contemplating his work with deep attention for a few moments, then again linking his arm in that of his victim, led him on, saying, soothingly:

"Rutledge, you take altogether too dark a view of this matter. Nothing is hopeless while life and will remain; and in addition to these, you have youth, opportunity and a staunch friend to help you in remounting not only to the position you have lost, but to a far higher and more dazzling one. Rutledge, shall I tell you how to become a millionaire in one night?"

The young man thus addressed stopped short, and turned a haggard face upon his tempter.

"A millionaire?" echoed he. "Will Satan give as much as that for my soul?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't think he would, being a shrewd and experienced merchant in such commodities," replied Thomas, dryly. "But I have a scheme to suggest, by which you may, if you choose, make money enough in one night to support you for the rest of your days in the very odor of sanctity; yes! and, finally, to build you a tomb, engraved all over with texts of Holy Writ, any one of which would protect you from the Arch Fiend to the end of eternity."

"No more ribald blasphemy, there," returned Rutledge, sternly. "But, if you have such a plan, lay it before me, and you shall have my answer."

"First, my lad, you must swear secrecy," suggested Thomas, fixing his keen eyes upon those of the young man, whose sudden change of manner vaguely excited his suspicions.

"Swear!" echoed Rutledge, scornfully. "Swear by my honor, I suppose? It is a valuable oath, certainly. Or shall I swear by everything sacred? How much meaning do such words carry to your ear? No, you demon! you have robbed me of everything, even to my faith in God and my self-respect. What have I left to swear by?"

And in speaking those words the unhappy man threw his right arm aloft, as if in despairing appeal to the Heaven he no longer dared to call upon as witness to his oath, and gnashed his strong white teeth with such a gesture of horrible despair, that even Thomas, to whom such scenes were by no means rare, was moved to a momentary fear lest his victim might yet escape by a suicide's death from the further use to which he had destined him. Again he seized his arm, and held it fast, while saying, soothingly:

"Rutledge, you are ill to-night. All this excitement is too much for your head. Come to my rooms at the Placer House, and take a quiet glass of something to steady your nerves, while I go on to speak of what will in a few hours restore you to everything you have lost, and give you far more and better to back it."

Rutledge, his momentary passion sunk into apathetic gloom, made no further resistance, nor any reply, and half an hour later the two men were seated alone in a small parlor of the Placer House, a decanter of brandy and a bottle of soda-water on the table between, with cigars and a perfumed taper.

Rutledge drank eagerly, almost fiercely, nor did he refuse a cigar. Thomas watched and waited until the draught and the narcotic weed began to assert their soothing influence, and then he smoothly said:

"And now, lad, for our little plan. No matter about the oath of secrecy. I'll trust you not to betray me, whether you make up your mind to help me or not."

"Go on, then. I've no promises to make," growled Rutledge, doggedly.

"All right. You have a place as clerk in the establishment of Eve & Co., Express Agents for all parts of the United States," said Thomas, slowly and significantly.

"Yes, I have. What of that?"

"A good deal of that, if it is rightly worked. Have not Eve & Co. taken any notice of your little irregularities of late? Aren't you under suspicion or surveillance?"

"Not that I know of. I've managed, so far, to keep business matters straight, however my own concerns have gone; and as for my amusements, I don't suppose they have been more objectionable than those of most men in our delightful, moral city of San Francisco. At any rate, Eve & Co. have never hauled me up for them."

"That's right. Well, now, Rutledge, we come to the point," and Thomas drew his chair a little nearer to that of his companion, and filled both their glasses before resuming: "Day after to-morrow is steamer day, is it not?"

"Of course it is."

"And Eve & Co. have large consignments of gold to send to New York, Washington, Boston—all over the North indeed."

"Well?" muttered Rutledge, setting down his glass, and fixing his moody eyes upon those of Thomas, kindled by excitement into a fierce and greedy flame.

"Well. The miners, the gold-brokers, the agents, whoever, in fact, has gold to send through Eve & Co., will bring it to-morrow, at the latest, for safe-keeping in their vaults, until it can be stored on board the steamer."

"Well?"

"Confound your 'Well!' Can't you speak out, like a man, and enter heartily into a plan that's going to be the making of you, as well as me, you blind bat!" shouted Thomas, bringing down his fist upon the table in a flash of uncontrollable impatience.

"There's no need of getting in a passion," replied Rutledge, quietly. "I say 'Well,' because I don't know what else to say, until you've told your game. I can't say 'Yes,' nor 'No,' can I, till I know what you're talking about?"

"Perhaps not; but I like to see a man look and speak as if he was alive, at least," muttered Thomas, resuming his usual manner, and tossing off a glass of brandy before he resumed: "To-morrow night, then, is likely to be the exact moment, of all others, when Eve & Co.'s strong box would give the richest haul to the lucky fellow who chanced to find it open."

"And who didn't find that he'd put his head in a trap that he couldn't get out of when he put it in that strong-box!" sneered Rutledge, filling his glass again.

"Exactly, my dear fellow," replied Thomas, quite restored now to his usual self-confidence. "We're not going to put our heads into any such trap, however. We're quite too old birds to be caught by chaff. I never should have asked you to go in for anything that hadn't at least a promise of success to a shrewd and daring operator."

"Oh, quit that! I shan't be fooled by all the smooth words you can slip off your oily tongue before to-morrow morning. Tell me your plan, unless you're afraid to, and let me answer you yes or no, and begone."

The tone, even more than the words themselves, was brutal and offensive to the last degree, but Thomas did not notice either, unless a dull, red glow, slowly mounting to his hollow cheek, showed more emotion than he chose to express.

"The plan is briefly this," said he, slowly: "You shall to-morrow secrete me in the strong-room of your employers' offices, and the morning after, I shall sail for New York in the Pacific, where I have already secured a state-room. You will follow in a few months, as soon as suspicion has a little quieted down, and I will share with you the fortune I shall realize by my little operation with Eve & Co."

"Of course you will share with me like a brother? I shall only have to ask, and you will divide everything with me without hesitation?" sneered Rutledge.

For reply his companion drew from his breast-pocket a bulky note-book. From this he selected several papers, and holding them firmly by one end, extended them toward Rutledge.

"There are the notes of hand and I O U's, which represent the greater part of the money I have won from you. I think your balance at the Miners' Bank will almost cover them; but, in addition, I will present you with my check for a thousand dollars, as soon as you cordially consent to help me in this plan. Besides this, I will draw up and sign an agreement, promising to transfer, on demand, any sum that you will assure me represents a third part of what I am likely to find stored in the strong-room of Eve & Co. to-morrow night."

For several moments Rutledge smoked on in silence. Then, throwing aside his cigar, he drew round his chair so as to closely and fairly face his companion, and slowly said:

"I've a mind to let you lead me into this one more deviltry, Wilson Thomas. If it fails, I can but fire that shot at last which you hindered me from firing an hour ago. And if it succeeds, and I get my share of the booty out of you—as I will, if I take your life along with it—why, it is just possible that, after all— But I'm not going to entertain you with any of that sort of talk. Come, now, suppose I say 'Yes'? what is the first thing to be done about it?"

"The first thing is to lay a plan in which we both agree, and which we both clearly understand," replied Thomas, coolly, as he laid aside his cigar and prepared for serious conversation.

Three hours later, in the cold and miserable gray light of early dawn, Rutledge left the Placer House, and returned to his own lodgings for a brief rest and refreshing bath before presenting himself at the offices of Eve & Co. As he passed under Thomas's still lighted window, he glanced upward and muttered:

"Do you think that I trust you, devil! You fancy you're going to use me as a tool, and then leave me in the trap while you get clear. Maybe so, my friend, and then again it may not be so. We'll see when to-morrow night comes which gets the best of the little game. It's mostly been your luck to carry off the stakes when we've sat down to play. Who knows, friend Thomas, but the luck will change this time? Who knows!"

The next day was a busy one in the offices of Eve & Co. All day, anxious men in all sorts of costumes, and of all positions, from the rough and uncouth practical miner to the nervous, crafty agent who made his own wealth by too assiduous attention to that of other men, were crowding each other for room before the counter-like desk, where each avowed the nature, weight and value of his deposit, and received a receipt therefor at the hands of the overworked clerks. Prominent among these came and went Philip Rutledge, his face pale and stern, his manner more steady and serious than his wont, his attention to his duties unwavering and intense.

"A capital young fellow, that. We must see about promotion for him, some day," remarked one of the heads of Eve & Co., when another of the heads called attention to the young man's earnest manner of verifying the doubtful entry of a disputed sum.

The busy day passed, and it was in the dusk of the evening that Rutledge presented himself before the head-clerk with the request:

"Can I have the keys of the strong-room and safe for five minutes, Mr. Smith? I wish to make sure of the number of bags of gold-dust entered by Nugget & Welch. Jones's figures are very blind, and he is not certain of them himself."

"If Mr. Jones cannot write figures so that they can be read, he had better look for another situation without delay," replied the head-clerk, testily; adding, after a moment's pause: "Yes, Mr. Rutledge, you can take the keys, but will return them to me within ten minutes, if you please. It is nearly time to close the office, and I shall look round myself to-night after every one else."

"Yes, sir," replied Rutledge, submissively; and

receiving the keys, he put them in his pocket, and taking a safety-lamp from the shelf where it stood lighted, passed down the stairs, and along the fireproof passage leading to the strong-room of Eve & Co.

In an angle of this passage, screened by a projecting buttress, crouched a figure, which, as Rutledge passed, rose and followed him.

"Is it you, Thomas?" asked the clerk, in a low voice.

"Yes. Did you have any trouble in getting the keys?"

"No. But I can only keep them ten minutes, and old Smith is going the rounds himself to-night. He's sure to look into the strong-room, and even into the safe."

"All right. You can hide me behind those boxes and bags that I've watched going in all day, safe that old Smith will be none the wiser for your neighborhood."

"Best not to talk much. These arches re-echo our voices strongly," said Rutledge, nervously.

His companion only replied by a nod, and the clerk, fumbling a moment with his keys, selected the right one, and after a little study, opened the complicated lock of the outer, and then that of the inner door, and the two passed into the iron-sheathed vault known as the "strong-room" in the establishment of Eve & Co.

"Quick, now! Help me to move these chests and bags a little. Then you will pile them around me again, the bags at the top, so that I may breathe—there, that will do. Now pile them back. Quick, man, or we shall have your head-clerk after you to see what you are about. Now, then, are you done?"

"Yes. No one would suspect you. You have the duplicate key of the safe all right?"

"Yes," replied Thomas, in a stifled voice.

"And the jimmy and other tools to mine your way out?"

"Yes."

"And you are sure about the next building being unguarded, so that you can escape through it?"

"Yes. All right. The box of jewels is in the safe still, is it?"

"Yes. In the little inner safe. The key is on the ring I gave you this morning. Lucky I got those duplicates made, wasn't it?" asked Rutledge, whose sudden conversational impulse did not seem to meet the approval of his smothered accomplice, who muttered hoarsely from beneath his bags:

"Don't stand chattering there any longer. Next thing we shall be caught. Lock up and begone, for heaven's sake."

"For what sake? What's going to happen when Wilson Thomas talks of heaven!" exclaimed Rutledge, with so bitter a sneer that Thomas half rose, with a determination to escape from his dangerous enterprise before it was too late. But at the same instant the heavy door of the vault swung into its place, the click of the lock was audible, and the moment of doubt was past.

"Too late!" muttered Wilson Thomas, sinking back into his lair, with a sudden tremor shaking his brawny limbs and moistening his clammy brow.

Half an hour later the doors were again swung open, and Mr. Smith, followed by the watchman of the establishment, entered, looked about him, opened the safe, muttered a satisfied comment upon its appearance, and withdrew, without suspecting the discovery that had lain so nearly within his grasp, and yet evaded it.

Another hour passed on, and all remained quiet as the grave; still another, and a faint stir beneath the pile of bags surmounting the iron-bound chests of gold showed that life was there. Finally they were entirely moved aside, and Wilson Thomas stood erect and alone in the midst of such wealth as few men have ever seen within their grasp.

"At last!" muttered he, exultantly, as he struck a match and lighted a small pocket-lantern. Then taking some keys from his pocket, he tried to fit the largest into the door of the safe. It would not enter. Muttering an oath, Thomas dropped upon his knees, held the lantern close to the lock, examined it, examined the key, made a useless effort to combine them, looked at the other keys upon the ring, and started to his feet with an awful oath.

"The fool has given me the wrong keys, or—good heaven! can it be that he has purposely deceived me!" gasped he; and sinking down upon the chests of gold, the foiled tempter too late remembered the many startling looks and ominous intimations of hostility he had received from Rutledge in the course of the last twenty-four hours.

"And I have trusted him with my life," muttered Thomas, rising and looking about him with the frantic terror of a caged animal whose only release will be a cruel death.

At this moment a loud cry resounded through the building, echoed the moment after from the street. A wild and ominous cry at any hour or under any circumstances; doubly fearful coming to the ears of that desperate man, muffled by all the doors locked between him and the outer air, between him and freedom.

"Fire! fire! fire!" shouted the watchman of Eve & Co.'s precious warehouse, and—

"Fire! fire! fire!" echoed from the street the hundred voices which at such a moment start as it were from the very earth.

In fewer moments than one dares to say, one of the chiefs of the firm, and Mr. Smith, its head-clerk, were upon the spot. At their heels followed a crowd of reviling or cursing men, demanding their fortunes, their gold, their valuables, wildly accusing Eve & Co. of carelessness, of dishonesty, of a conspiracy, of no one knows what not that is odious and absurd.

"Patience, gentlemen! Wait for a few moments only!" shouted a chief, standing upon the steps of the burning building and speaking from out the clouds of smoke and flame flaring from the open door. "My clerk here has the keys of the strong-

room, where all the valuables in our hands are stored. If possible, they shall be at once removed to a place of safety; but if, as I fear, the floors are already too nearly burned to allow of passage, I assure you that the strong-room is entirely fire-proof, and its contents will be found to-morrow uninjured and ready for shipment. I offer my own person to you as security for your gold."

The crowd, mobile as all crowds, yielded at once to this appeal, whose simple words received a certain grandeur from the sincerity of their utterance, and from hooting, and hissing, and threatening, came in two minutes to cheering and encouraging with all their might the earnest and honest man who had thus boldly addressed them. Nor was their enthusiasm checked even by the announcement that the fire had made such headway that it was already impossible to reach the strong-room, upon and around which a burning floor had fallen.

"But it is perfectly fire-proof, and its contents will be removed uninjured to-morrow," repeated the chief, confidently; and the crowd cheered anew.

But the chief did not know, as we know, what the contents of the strong-room were.

Uninjured! At first, to be sure, he had rather welcomed the conflagration as an ally, thinking that in the confusion he should the more readily escape with his booty, and acting upon that idea, had loaded himself with as much of the gold as he could possibly carry, filling his boots with gold-dust, crowding every crevice of his clothing with nuggets, ingots, scales, and masses of the precious metal, and wasting a precious half hour and all his strength in a last useless attempt to force the safe containing the wonderful jewels of which Rutledge had told him.

But before this was over, his doom was upon him. A splintering, rending sound, a terrific crash, and the doomed ceiling of the iron-cased vault bent beneath the weight of the blazing ruin that had fallen upon and covered it. Then came the crackling, ticking sound, and the poisonous smell emitted by iron heated rapidly; then a feverish, deathly heat began to scorch the air of the confined place, and then for the first time Wilson Thomas saw the manner of death that awaited him.

Leaving his useless attempts upon the safe, he stood upright and glanced about in a sudden fury of terror and despair.

The iron walls already began to glow in dull crimson patches, a lurid light diffused itself through the cell, the air became almost intolerable for heat, and still the flames without hissed, and crackled, and roared, and fresh fuel from the upper floors of the building fell to feed the fire.

Then Thomas remembered in one last bitter agony all the stories of a literal hell that he had been taught in his youth to believe, and recalling also all the miserable story of his ill-spent life, he shrieked aloud, rushing from side to side of his narrow prison:

"It has begun! My eternal torment has begun!"

From patches of dull crimson, the iron walls and iron roof came to one broad uniform glare of vivid flame-color; the air grew like that of a furnace, the wretched gold in which he had encased himself became a burning torture to his flesh; the very floor crisped his feet as he rushed madly up and down, seeking, vainly seeking any exit from that room filled with the wealth of a kingdom; filled too with the grisly presence of death.

Three days later the workmen of Eve & Co. effected an entrance into the strong-room. Among the ashes of the iron-bound boxes, which had smoldered from off their molten contents, lay other ashes, other fragments, never mentioned in any description of the fire, never mentioned by Eve & Co., or by any man in their employ.

The gray-haired chief who addressed the crowd from the steps of the burning building, watched like a father beside the bed where Philip Rutledge raved and burned in the delirium of a brain fever; and when at last he died, the gray-haired chief perhaps might have told, had he so chosen, that these remains of human ashes among the molten gold were the remains of a man whose last and blackest crimes had met at length their fitting punishment at the hands of his latest victim. But if he might, he did not, nor will we.

The Maid of Presidio Del Norte.

The Spanish settlement on the Rio Bravo, called the Fort of St. John the Baptist, or Presidio del Norte, was, in 1614, commanded by Don Pedro de Villesca, a noble Spaniard, who lived in a style of elegance befitting his station, and indicative of the gorgeous taste of his nation.

One beautiful daughter, the Donna Maria, was all that remained to him. His wife and two noble sons reared, a long while before, near the banks of their own golden-sanded stream in sunny Spain.

Notwithstanding the pomp and splendor with which Don Pedro sought to invest his home, there was something insupportably dull in their establishment to the mind of the romantic girl, whose mind was filled with tales of lords and knights coming to woo ladies fair.

She had watched, from the age of fifteen, for the hero who should come on a coal-black steed, and throw himself at her feet; and she had more than once imagined the scorn with which she would turn away from him, and the trials to which she would subject him, at last to be rewarded with her beautiful hand.

Donna Maria had not studied old Spanish poetry and romance for nothing; but the brave cavalier who was to win her heart had not yet come. She was surrounded only by old, ceremonious officers, who considered her a mere child, and who liked better to dine with her father than play the carpet knight in her boudoir—who preferred the sound of the hunting-horn to the melodious tinkle of

her lute; and, in observing all this, Donna Maria grew spiritless and sad, and thought herself the most unfortunate and desolate maiden in the world.

Cheer up, little lady, who sittest in thy bower alone on this bland and genial day! Braid up thy raven hair and don thy richest garment! Out upon the broad prairie a little fleet jennet, black as thy tresses, bears a young and noble cavalier; and to complete the charm, he is clad in mailed armor—a veritable knight. No fiery dragon or infuriated knight has he met in his way, but from the hunting-grounds there have been pointed hundreds of arrows, discharged by Indians' rage and ferocity, and yet the hero rides on free!

La Mothe Cadillac, the Governor of Louisiana, had sent out a small band of Canadians, under the direction of Louis St. Denis, in the hope of establishing some commercial relations between that State and the Mexican provinces. Young, brave and romantic, St. Denis accepted the service, delighted to have an opportunity of beholding those grand features of the Western world, which he had long desired to see.

With a friend named Jallot, who was a surgeon, St. Denis set out on his expedition, protecting his splendid figure with a suit of armor, and selecting an animal, for his own special riding, that could scarcely be matched on this side of Arabia for strength and swiftness.

A balmy evening succeeding a warm day brought the travelers to Presidio del Norte. Don Pedro performed the part of a most hospitable host, and the daughter, fairly aroused from her dullness, signified to her duenna that she was now old enough to see company.

To the dismay and indignation of the old woman—who had designed to call her a child for five years to come—Donna Maria dressed herself magnificently, and entered the room where her father's guests were conversing with him, and took her place at the table.

The father turned his eyes upon her with an expression of love and pride, and introduced her to his guests. To the young surgeon, Jallot, who was wholly devoted to his profession, the lady possessed no charms. It was said of Jallot that he was never in good humor except when he was tending a wound; and the beautiful form of Donna Maria was probably far less interesting to him than if it had been pierced by an arrow from the Comanche Indians, who had troubled them so much in their journey hither.

A mightier arrow than the Indian's had pierced the heart of the girl. From the moment she looked upon St. Denis, she loved him; and, happily, the sentiment was mutual. Literally, it was love at first sight with both; and it was not long before Donna Maria, who had never before had an offer, except from the old Governor of Caouis, Don Gaspar de Anaya, received the full assurance of the most devoted affection from the hands of St. Denis.

To this very person had Don Pedro referred the ambassador of Governor Cadillac, as a superior officer to himself, and who could arrange any commercial relations much better; and while waiting for the answer of Don Gaspar de Anaya, St. Denis had ample time and opportunity to prove the strength of his love.

The Governor of Caouis received Villesca's message, and inquired carefully of the messenger the appearance and bearing of St. Denis. Stung with the description of his handsome face and figure, and with his recent dismissal by Villesca's daughter, he forwarded instructions to the latter to deliver up his guest to a band of twenty-four men, whom he sent to bring him to Caouis. Arriving there, he was thrown into prison.

One day St. Denis was pacing his cell, and devising a hundred schemes for his escape, when the door opened, and a man, somewhat advanced in life, and of a most ferocious aspect, entered. His rich dress and haughty air told the prisoner who was his visitor. He knew at once that it must be Don Gaspar de Anaya.

"You desire freedom above all other things, do you not?" he asked St. Denis.

"Certainly."

"You shall have it. You can be free this very hour, if you will be so."

For a moment the heart of St. Denis believed it true. He stood aghast at the next words uttered.

"Give up the daughter of Villesca, restore to her the faith she has pledged you, and I will free you within an hour."

St. Denis made no answer.

A single glance of his eagle eye told Anaya what he might expect; and, abashed in spite of his assurance, the Governor of Caouis withdrew to give orders for more severity toward the prisoner.

"Beautiful Maria," he wrote to the unhappy girl, your low-born lover, now a prisoner in Caouis, is shortly to be put to death. You alone can save his life. Be my wife, and I will release him to-morrow."

With a proud gesture, the noble girl said to the messenger:

"Tell your master that I cannot marry him, because I love St. Denis; and that if he dies, this little Moorish dagger, my mother's gift, shall be planted in Anaya's dastardly heart whenever or wherever he shall approach me."

Steadily regarding the messenger, without changing countenance, she delivered these words in a calm, clear voice, that, when reported to Anaya, made him pause before deciding upon any rash measure.

Meantime, the Castilian maid was planning her lover's escape.

She found means to inform the viceroy of the captivity of a Frenchman—supposed to be a spy—whom Anaya was suspected of keeping secretly in prison for the sake of a ransom. The ruse was successful.

Anaya received an order to send his prisoner to Mexico, at the peril of his head. Arrived at

Mexico, he was again thrown into prison. Hope deserted him, and he became weak and emaciated, both from grief and privation.

One day there was a confused noise throughout the prison. It was whispered outside the cell, so loud that St. Denis caught the words, that the viceroy had sent an officer to examine into the condition of the prisoners and report. He entered the cell.

"Who is this prisoner?" he asked of the jailer.

"Please, excellenza, it is a fellow whom the Governor of Caouis—"

Before he could finish the sentence St. Denis had started to his feet.

"I am a prisoner by oppression," he declared. "I am Louis St. Denis, a gentleman by birth. I seek justice from the viceroy!"

The officer ran toward him, put back the long hair from the prisoner's face, and said in a voice quivering with emotion:

"St. Denis! St. Denis of the Royal College of France? He who left France for Louisiana?"

"The same."

"My heaven! is it you, my friend? Do you remember De Larnage, your companion at college?"

"Remember De Larnage! he was my best friend!"

"I am he. I entered the Spanish army and am now the viceroy's aid-de-camp. Jailer, strike off these chains. St. Denis, you are free."

What a moment for the wasted and hopeless being who stood, half tottering, before the speaker! The pen has no power, the painter no color to give any representation of the scene.

In the hall of Montezuma, all gorgeous things were assembled, that could please the eye or pamper the pride of Mexican power. There were talent and chivalry, diplomacy and romance, fair ladies and noble men, soldiers, statesmen, authors and heroes, glittering gems, rich garments, and all the gorgeous paraphernalia that pride loves to deck itself with. It was a festival day—the viceroy's own festival.

The guests walk through the hall, dazzled by its sumptuousness, only half content with the viceroy's absence; but when a sliding door is drawn aside and displays him sitting at the table, with a select few around him, whom do we behold, seated at his right hand, but the prisoner of Caouis and Mexico! Not pale and wasted now, but restored to the full vigor of his strength and beauty, for St. Denis has attained, through the interest of his friend, De Larnage, to the dignity of the viceroy's favorite.

Lodged in the palace, and attended like a prince, St. Denis enjoyed the fullest confidence and friendship of his patron, a friendship which the wondering Mexicans could not understand. An offer from the viceroy of a high commission in the Spanish army did not tempt St. Denis from his allegiance to France. He confessed that he loved a Spanish lady, and the viceroy pledged himself to insure her father's consent, if he would but attach himself to the cause of Spain. In vain. The brave Frenchman remained true to the king he served, and trusted to himself to win Donna Maria from her father.

"You will not? Then, if you must leave me, may heaven bless you! Take this gold. It is your wedding gift. Yonder is my horse, valued beyond all price. He is yours, too. And now, cavalier, farewell."

An officer and dragoons escorted St. Denis to Caouis, where he experienced a great triumph, and found great pleasure in the appearance of the surgeon, Jallot, who had remained there, waiting for the fate of St. Denis to be known. He had practiced largely in his profession, and had once been summoned to the house of Don Gaspar de Anaya, who was ill. He found him in a terrible state, and told him plainly that he would not live a month unless an operation was performed, which he described as being very severe. Don Gaspar de Anaya consented to have it done, and asked him when he would perform it.

"Never!" said Jallot; "you may die first. I will not aid you. Remember St. Denis!"

No threat or entreaty could make him perform the operation. Just before St. Denis arrived, the governor had sworn to hang Jallot, but the people would not so readily give up their beloved physician, and therefore threatened to hang the governor himself if he persisted.

St. Denis waited upon Don Gaspar de Anaya immediately on his arrival.

Surprise, rage and dismay were pictured on the governor's face. He was in bed when he entered. St. Denis opened paper, and read the viceroy's command to inflict any punishment he chose, short of death itself, upon Anaya for his breach of trust. His wild eyes looked up in terror, and he besought St. Denis for the mercy he had refused to him.

After he had begged long enough, St. Denis generously destroyed the letter before his eyes. Then turning to Jallot, who had accompanied him, he requested him to perform the operation on the governor, which he had before refused.

Jallot groaned aloud.

"Must I cure him, my friend? That is hard."

"But it will oblige me, Jallot."

"Will it? Oh, then I consent."

He did it admirably, giving almost instant relief. The governor proffered an ample, nay, a princely fee, which Jallot threw back indignantly. "I only saved your life out of spite," said the surgeon, contemptuously. "I have only cheated the galleys for a short time."

It is noon at Presidio del Norte. The beautiful Donna Maria looked forth from her lattice, and saw a horseman coming up the long hill that led to the palace.

The beauty of the animal caught her eye. Such perfect symmetry and such paces she had not seen since the old time in Spain, when she, a light-hearted child, used to ride on her brave little Spanish jennet, with old Juan holding the

bridle. As it approached, her attention wandered from horse to rider.

An air of mingled nobleness and grace distinguished him, and she thought he resembled St. Denis. But months had passed, and she knew not where he was who shared her brief dream of happiness.

He came nearer—nearer! It was he! Donna Maria uttered a joyful shriek, and the next moment she was in the arms of St. Denis.

There was trouble when St. Denis arrived. The Indians of the five frontier villages had become irritated by the outrages of the Spaniards, who had been accustomed to annoy them. Don Pedro owned himself to blame for his lax government, and apprehended that the viceroy might punish his neglect. St. Denis offered to go after the Indians and induce them to return. Don Pedro received his proposal with the most lively gratitude.

"If you succeed in bringing them back I will refuse nothing which you can ask me," said the distressed old man.

No words can describe the emotion which St. Denis experienced at hearing these words. What had he to ask, except the one treasure which he scarcely dared to mention? And if that were denied, what was all the wealth of Don Pedro Villesca, or even of the viceroy himself worth? But he generously forebore to speak of his own love now, and springing on the good steed which had brought him, he went off in the direction of the Indians.

On the brow of the hill St. Denis looked down upon a long train of men, women and children, who were straggling painfully along, and apparently fainting with fatigue. He took out his handkerchief and waved its white folds. A moment more and he had dashed down the slope, where the Indians, who had seen his signal, awaited his coming.

He pleaded in the language of nature for their return; assured them that leaving the graves of their children would one day make them sad and sorrowful, when it was too late to return to them, and assured them that the governor had already seen his error and would repair it. His eloquence and noble appearance vanquished them completely. In half an hour they were ascending the hill, and St. Denis was riding at their head. Returning, he met Jallot, who had set out upon the ugliest and slowest animal he could find, and which he was now urging forward with desperate struggles.

Don Pedro met St. Denis with all the gratitude and cordiality he could desire, and when Donna Maria came into the room, without waiting to be asked, he took her small hand and placed it in that of her lover.

The little church of Presidio del Norte is crowded with eager faces. The aisles and galleries bend with the weight of persons collected to witness the bridal, and long before the appointed hour they are waiting, or throng around the doors of the church. Everywhere is plenty. On the green are long tables loaded with abundance. Wine flows freely, and rich fruits and delicately made dishes abound. It is a day of jubilee.

And lo! at the eastern door the handsome cavalier leads in his veiled bride—fit representatives of youth and beauty. They kneel at the altar, and the white-robed priest clasps his hands above their heads and proclaims them a wedded pair.

At the feast the viceroy's gifts deck the board in quantities of gold and silver plate, and at the conclusion, when St. Denis rises to offer his thanks to his assembled friends, the viceroy's health is drank, standing, by the whole company.

In August, 1716, St. Denis returned to Mobile with his beautiful bride, where he received a commission as Captain in the French army, as a reward for the perils and imprisonment he had encountered in the service of the government.

FIRE AND WATER.

THESE two elements, when brought together, work great wonders. They do far more than drive steamers and locomotives. It is through their reciprocal action that human life is kept up.

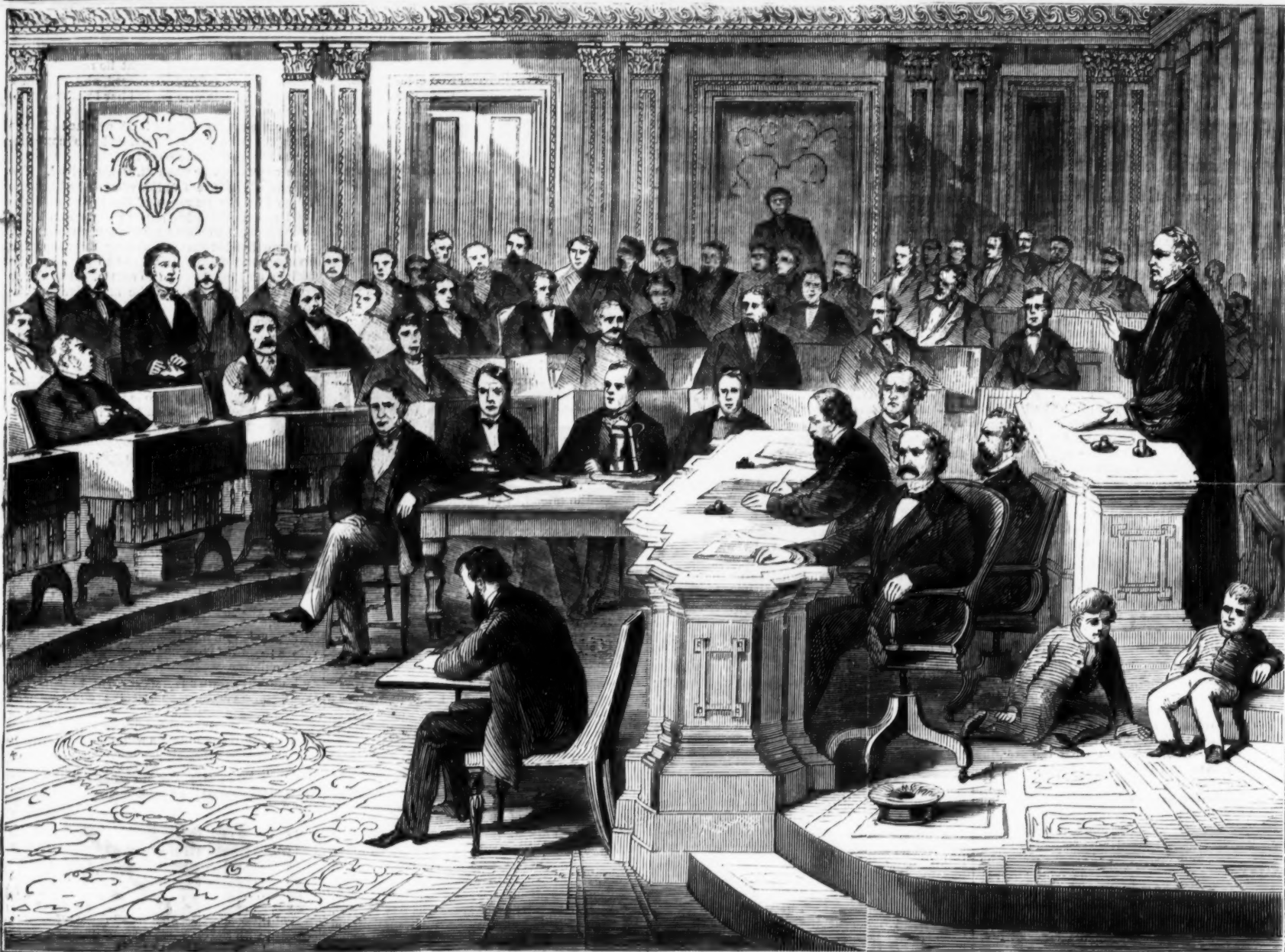
The boiling-point of water is 212 degrees of Fahrenheit, at which temperature the expansive power of the steam exactly balances the pressure of the atmosphere. The barometer shows us that the atmospheric pressure varies, and so the boiling point of water will not be constant: the higher the mercury the heavier the air, and therefore the hotter our boiling water. On the other hand, if we go picknicking up a mountain, and wish to take refreshment at a height where there is considerably less air above us, we may boil eggs and make tea, but the eggs will not be done, and the tea will not be good, for the water, though boiling, will not be as hot as boiling water at a lower level.

Liquids do not get any hotter after they begin to boil, however long or with whatever violence the boiling is continued. This fact is of importance in domestic economy, particularly in cooking, and attention to it would save much fuel. Soups made to boil in a gentle way by the application of a moderate heat, are just as hot as when they are made to boil on a strong fire with the greatest violence. Again, when water in a copper is once brought to the boiling point, the fire may be reduced, as having no further effect in raising its temperature.

If steam be confined in an iron boiler or other vessel, it may be made intensely hot, and so expanded as to burst any contrivance known to man. It will thus dissolve bones and other substances.

Where the steam is not confined, as in an ordinary kettle, it is of the same temperature as the water (212 degrees), and all the additional heat applied to the water goes simply to make a larger quantity of steam. A given volume of water—a quart, let us say—when it changes into steam, occupies a space 1,694 times greater than it does when liquid. In seeking to take up this extra space, it exerts tremendous forces, pushing before it the piston of the mighty steam-engine, or in a smaller way lifting the lid from a kettle. But the extra bulk of steam, as compared with water, is only gained by its taking up a large quantity of heat: the steam, indeed, is no hotter than the water, but it contains the heat in a latent form—trapped up, or stored away, as it were. When the steam is reconverted into water, exactly the same amount of heat is given out again.

WHAT is the best capital to begin life with? A capital wife.

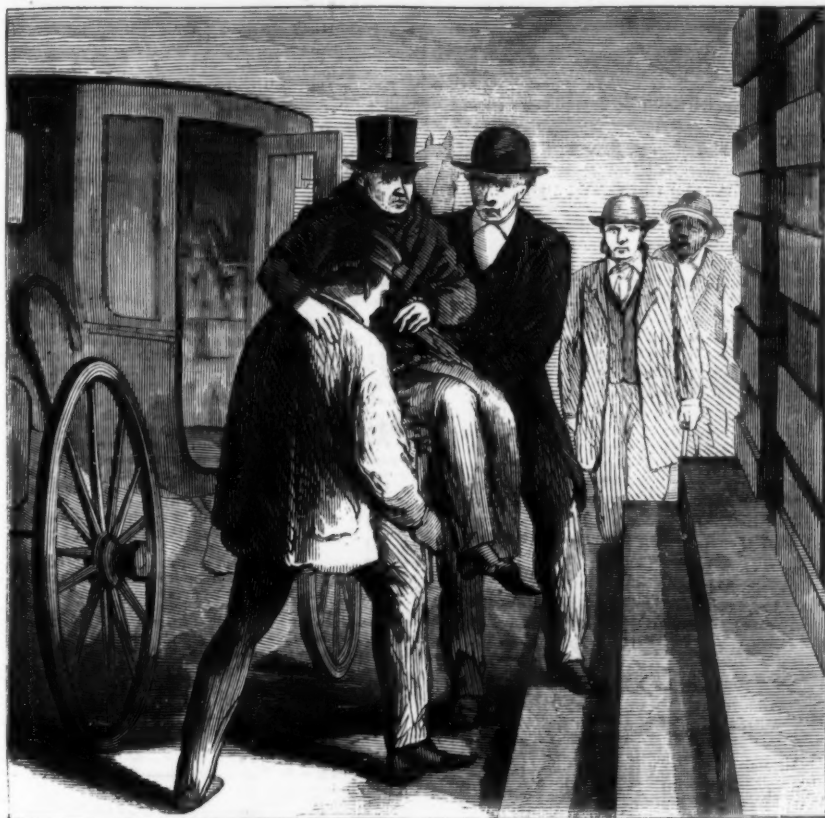


TAKING THE VOTE ON THE IMPEACHMENT OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON, SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 16TH, 1868.—SENATOR BOES, OF KANSAS, VOTING "NOT GUILTY."—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR. SEE PAGE 183.



PRESIDENT JOHNSON RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF HIS FRIENDS, ON THE VERDICT OF ACQUITTAL, MAY 6TH, AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 183.

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SENATOR HOWARD BEING CARRIED INTO THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 16TH, 1868.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

Senator Grimes Voting "Not Guilty" at the Impeachment Trial, Washington, D. C., May 16th—Senator Howard Being Carried into the Capitol to Vote.

The engravings that, with the above titles, we publish in this number, have a significance in the fact that



GEN. FRITZ AND THE LANDLADY.

they illustrate the great mental anxiety and consequent physical prostration attendant upon the exercise of the duties and responsibilities of the members of the Court of Impeachment. It may have been simply a coincidence that, toward the close of the proceedings of that august tribunal, three Senators should have been stricken, well nigh unto death, with disease; but it is natural to suppose that this infirmity of body was due, at least in part, to the intense excitement, labor,



A MURDERER'S SCHEME TO HIDE HIS CRIME.

and suspense of those days of extraordinary judicial action. This 16th of May was indeed a most inopportune day for a Senator to be bed-ridden, and a single vote was fraught with too much value to justify absence on the plea of sickness, while breath remained with which to utter "guilty" or "not guilty." Thus we have the singular spectacle of Senator Howard being carried into the Capitol on a stretcher, and of Senator Grimes, pale, ghastly, and struggling with paralysis,

rising feebly from his seat to utter the two words, more powerful on that occasion than the voice of cannon on the battle-field.

General Fritz and the Landlady.

When the troupe which had been engaged to perform in the "Grand Duchesse" in this city were making their first public appearance, some one hit upon the brilliant idea that the entire party should procure lodgings at the same place. In anticipation of a long run of the piece



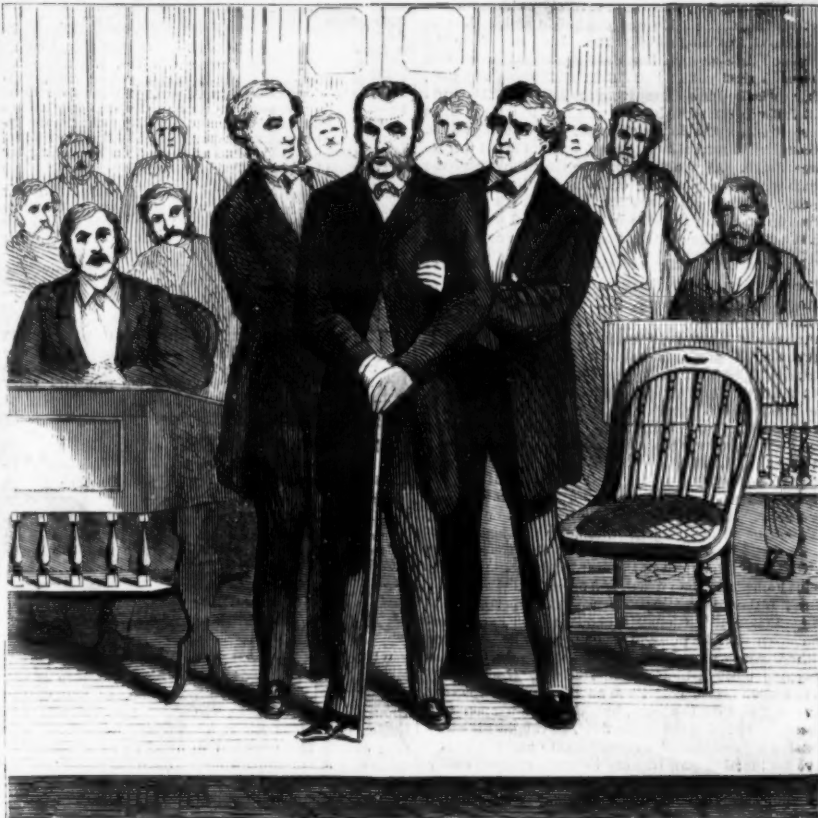
A MODERN "SOLOMON'S" JUDGMENT.

the suggestion was promptly acted upon, and the desired number of apartments were obtained in a fashionable boarding-house near Broadway. The landlady, in making the arrangements, shrewdly interposed the condition that her boarders should not expect hot suppers

He commenced a series of pantomimes, which, instead of gaining him applause, placed him in a highly ridiculous situation; but when his eyes rested on the dish containing the pickled pig's feet, his indignation was without bounds. Approaching the table, he raised the

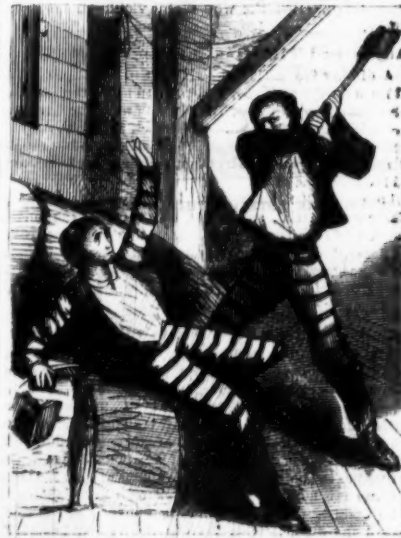


ADJOURNED UNTIL AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.



SENATOR GRIMES VOTING "NOT GUILTY" ON THE IMPEACHMENT, MAY 16TH, 1868.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

dish with both hands, and, bringing it level with his breast, after the manner of a well-trained servant, proceeded with immense strides to cross the room to a point where the landlady, alternately amused and indignant at his performance, was standing, and here he declaimed in French, and pantomimed, until she could



A MURDERER MURDERED.

endure it no longer, and, in a burst of rage, throw up her hands, and dashed the plate and contents into the face of the actor. The remainder of the troupe gave a most enthusiastic applause at the performance, and shouted in a loud chorus, "Bravo! bravo, madame!" "It was one grand success; bravo! bravo!" and one of the party actually left the table, and heartily embraced the landlady, whose courage and spirit were acknowledged by all save the bewildered general.



STRANGE SCENE AT A BALL.

A Murderer Murdered.

On the 14th of May, some of the convicts imprisoned at Sing Sing, N. Y., while walking in the vicinity of the stable attached to the prison, heard a number of groans which appeared to come from a person in distress but a few feet distant. The discovery being made known, a search was immediately instituted, and Charles M. Jeffords, who was imprisoned January 4, 1865, under

sentence of confinement for life for the murder of John W. Matthews, was found severely wounded in the loft of the stable. He was insensible at the time he was found, and died shortly after. It appears from the coroner's investigation that the deceased and a prisoner named Brickley had been seen quarreling together, which resulted in a threat from the latter that he would kill Jeffers before he left the prison. Five ax wounds were found upon Jeffers' head, any one of which, according to medical testimony, was sufficient to produce death. At the time of receiving the blows the deceased man was sitting on a bale of hay, reclining against another bale, reading a book. His cap was lying on one side, and the book, saturated with blood, on the other. The examination is still progressing.

A Murderer's Scheme to Hide his Crime.

On the evening of the 9th of May, the citizens of Elmwood, Peoria County, Ill., were thrown into the utmost excitement by the particulars of an atrocious murder which had been committed during the night previous. The victim was a married negro, named Charles McNeil, who had been a slave before the war, but at its termination had opened a barber-shop with the funds he had saved from his service in the army, and by his remarkable industry and habits of application had secured a large and remunerative custom, and bought a snug homestead for his family. The murderer, Berkley Lisbon, was also reared a slave, but had escaped from his master several years before the rebellion broke out. He had done considerable work for McNeil, and was on terms of close intimacy with his family. From the investigation ordered by the coroner, we learn that, on the night of the murder, McNeil returned to his home later than usual, and on entering the house, found Lisbon in waiting. There had been some difficulty between the parties about money, and Lisbon attempted to put the deceased out of the house without giving him any excuse for his singular conduct. A scuffle ensued, blows were freely exchanged, and then Lisbon seized a spittoon and struck his opponent several times on the head, breaking the weapon into pieces. As McNeil fell to the floor, he caught his wife's dress in his hands, and implored her to assist him and save his life; but she, turning to the murderer, coolly said, "You have done enough; now take him out to the railroad, and let him die." Berkley pounded the wounded man several minutes with a brick, and then, assisted by Mrs. McNeil, dressed him, put his hat on his head, and with his lantern in his hand and his umbrella near him, he carried him out and placed him on the railroad track, intending to make it appear that he had been run over by the cars. He soon returned with the apron he had bound round the murdered man's head to prevent the blood dropping, and assisted Mrs. McNeil in mopping the floor and cleaning the furniture, which had been splattered with blood, and then fled from the premises. He was caught a few days thereafter, and made a full confession of the crime, which deeply implicated the wife of his victim in the fatal affray.

Adjourned Till the Earthquake is Over.

A diminutive earthquake visited San Francisco, Cal., at noon on the 24th ult., and as there had been but few premonitory symptoms, the citizens were thrown into considerable excitement. The shock lasted about six seconds, but was not sufficiently strong to do much damage to property. The County Court was in session at the time, and at the first vibration, Judge McKinstry, whose attention had appeared wholly taken up with the case on trial, seized his hat, and pausing but a moment to exclaim, "I adjourn this Court for five minutes," dashed through the court-room and out into the street in the most precipitate manner, followed in haste by the lawyers, clients, jurymen, witnesses, and spectators.

A Modern "Solomon's Judgment."

The Circuit Court of Baltimore, Md., was recently engaged with a case of *habes corpus*, in which two females appeared and laid maternal claims to a little girl. Unable to give an impartial decision from the statements of the claimants themselves, Judge Alexander directed two chairs to be placed at one end of the court-room, and that both ladies should be seated. The Judge then turned to the child, who had been standing at his side during the hearing, and told her to go to her mother. The child started down, and then turned round and asked the Judge, "Can I go to the mother I want?" The Judge said, "Yes, child," when she sprang forward, and threw herself into the arms of Mrs. Ferrel, exclaiming, "This is the mother I want." During this proceeding, the eyes of the large number of women, as well as men present, were directed to the movements of the child, and when her choice was made, the women rose to their feet and gave vent to their feelings in exclamations of delight.

A Strange Scene at a Ball.

A grand fancy dress ball was recently given near Nashville, Tenn., at which the belle of the district appeared. The lady selected her partner, and had danced several sets with him, when, feeling quite warm from the closeness of the apartments and the exercise of the dance, she withdrew with her companion to an adjoining room. While conversing with a party of friends who had assembled there, she requested a glass of water, which was at once brought to her; but as she was about to touch it to her lips, a young man, pale as death, and with his eyes starting from his head, rushed up to where she was standing, and, quick as thought, snatched the glass from her, put it to his own lips and drained it to the bottom almost at a gulp. As he did this he fell back against the wall, as in a fainting fit, and gasped out a request to be fanned, as his breath was rapidly failing. He recovered in a few moments, and the lady's partner made an immediate demand for an apology, after his insulting action, and in the midst of much excitement the frightened fellow stammered out that he was a sufferer from some peculiar disease of the heart, which would result fatally should he ever be placed where he could not obtain a drink of water when severely attacked by it. The water which he had snatched from the hand of the lady he declared was the means of saving his life.

A WEALTHY man recently died in Paris, leaving all his wealth to his nephew, on condition that he would have the deceased interred at one o'clock in the morning, an arrangement contrary to the city regulations for funerals; hence the matter has been brought before the courts. It is not long since a well-known character died, enjoining by his will to be interred, if he died during summer, at six o'clock in the morning, and at eight if in the winter. He died during winter, and four hundred invitations were issued to his "intimate friends" to attend the funeral. Only twenty-nine came, all of whom signed their names in a register. Eight days afterward, those twenty-nine, faithful till death, received a letter to call on deceased's lawyer. They did so, and each received, according to the will, \$1,700 if a lady, and \$1,000 if a gentleman. The testator further directed that the names of those who received his bequests should be published in the journals, to punish those who would not put themselves out of their way to rise early in the morning to attend his funeral.

"ONE of the female attachés of Yankee Robinson's circus," says the Quincy Herald, "who now appears in 'Undine,' on the gilded throne, is the daughter of a Philadelphia banker, and a graduate of a first-class fashionable boarding-school. She lately visited Decatur, to see some relatives, and made the acquaintance of a roving, rakish young man, with whom she eloped to Clinton, Iowa. She now wears as short dresses, as neat tights, and displays her ankles and accompanying charms as liberally as her more experienced sisters. A company of ladies tried to reform her, but she said she had an invincible hankering for sawdust and spangles."

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ALSO FOR MELODEON, CABINET ORGAN, GUITAR, ACCORDEON, CONCERTINA, GERMAN ACCORDEON, BANJO, VIOLIN, FLUTE, CLARINET, FLAGEOLET, FIFE. Each book contains easy and simple, but very complete rules and exercises, with from one to four hundred pieces of popular music, fingered expressly for the instrument. Price 50 cents each, sent post-paid.

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The D—L—

The mystery of one's whole life—the past, present and future disclosed. Questions answered about friends, absent or estranged, lovers, husbands, sickness, lost or stolen property, etc. Life shadows of future wife or husband. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, with 30 cents, E. THORNTON, Box 601, Brooklyn, New York.

COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE.

The world-renowned remedy for the unfailing cure of

DYSPEPSIA,

Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sourness or Acidity of the Stomach, Rising of Food, Flatulency, Lassitude, Weariness, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, finally terminating in Death.

READ THE EVIDENCE.

[From Rev. ISAAC AIKEN, Allegheny, Pa.]

JOSEPH FLEMING, Druggist,

No. 84 Market Street, Pittsburgh:

SIR:—I take great pleasure in stating that, after having suffered from dyspepsia for about fifteen years, at some periods much more than others, I have been entirely cured by the use of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. My friends know that of late years my case has been an extreme one. I had great suffering from eating any kind of food, and, on an average, would vomit about one-third of my meals, in a sour, indigestible mass. When the severe attacks would come, I would lose all strength and be utterly helpless. Some of the attacks would be so severe, that for days together I would not retain anything on my stomach, save a little dry toast and tea. For years I knew not what it was to pass five consecutive hours without intense pain. From the time I took the first dose of this medicine, I ceased vomiting, gradually all soreness passed away, and flesh and strength returned, and ever since I have been able to eat any kind of food set upon the table. Six months have now passed without any symptoms of the return of the disease. My case was considered by all, even physicians, so marvelous, that for a time it was feared it might be fictitious; but I am now so well convinced that I have been not merely relieved, but permanently cured, that I can conscientiously recommend Coe's Dyspepsia Cure to all victims of dyspepsia.

ISAAC AIKEN,

Late Pastor of the Beaver St. Church, Allegheny.

Mr. LESTER SEXTON, a wholesale merchant of thirty years in Milwaukee, one of the most reliable and careful men in the State, says, under date,

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 24, 1896.

Messrs. C. G. CLARK & Co., New Haven, Conn.:

Both myself and wife have used Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, and it proved PERFECTLY satisfactory as a remedy. I have NO hesitation in saying that we have received GREAT BENEFIT from its use.

Very respectfully, (Signed,) LESTER SEXTON.

From H. M. T. Smith, Dunkirk, N. Y.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., May 1, 1896.

Gents,—I enclose your Circular. I know of two parties, wives of prominent citizens in this place, who have been greatly benefited, if not cured, by the use of your Dyspepsia Cure, but they will not consent to the public use of their names, and thus the matter rests, with a steady increasing sale.

Yours, respectfully,

H. M. T. SMITH.

From Rev. D. Allen Crowell, Brookville, Pa.

LUTHERSBURG, Pa., May 2d, 1897.

Messrs. C. G. CLARK & CO.:

Sirs,—Coe's Dyspepsia Cure is gaining a reputation amongst our people. The medicine already used has had the desired effect. A friend wishes me to get a bottle for him, for which I send you \$1 enclosed. Send to my address as early as possible.

Yours, etc.,

Rev. D. ALLEN CROWELL,

Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

C. G. CLARK & CO., New Haven, Ct.,

Sole Proprietors.

From the New York Tribune, of May 2.

To the Editors of the New York Tribune:

GENTLEMEN—We have this day received from B. R. Niles, Esq., Newspaper Advertising Agent, of this city, a letter from your establishment, making some inquiries as to the manner in which our business is conducted. To your inquiries we respond as follows: That our business is not a gift enterprise concern; that we are engaged in a legitimate business, and do not deviate from the plan as advertised in our circular. In order to satisfy you as to the nature and extent of our business, we give you a statement of our sales for November, 1897.

Amount of sales for November, 1897, according to sworn returns made to the United States Assessor, \$104,711 (one hundred and four thousand seven hundred and eleven dollars). Number of orders received by mail and express, 7,950—in sums varying from \$1 to \$200. The orders were received from, and the goods sent in return to, places all the way from the "Hub" to Nebraska, including the village of New York. We also give you a list of some of the articles SOLD BY US for one dollar during the month of November, as taken from our books:

1,497 Pieces Brown and Bleached Sheetings, average 45 yards to a piece, retail price 20 cents per yard.
56 Wool Long Shawls.
59 Pairs Wool Blankets.
315 Dozen Worsted Breakfast Shawls, retail price \$2.
20 Cashmere Long Shawls.
172 Pairs Gents' Calf Boots.
5 Pieces of Wool Carpeting, 20 yards each.
11 Pieces Wool Silk, 14 yards each.
48 Silver Hunting-case Watches.
1,192 Wool Square Shawls.
1,404 Pieces Hemp Carpeting, 25 yards each.
5 Silver-Plated Tea Services of 6 pieces each.
1,476 Silver-Plated Castors.
1,492 White Quilts.

If additional proof is desired as to the equitable manner in which we fulfill our promises, and of the satisfaction given our patrons thereby, we shall gladly furnish reference to those who have received these goods from us. In the month of September, 1897, we made a contract for 1,000 dozen of Breakfast Shawls, to be delivered in such quantities as we might wish them. These shawls are the same quality of goods as those sold by jobbers at wholesale for \$15 a dozen; and when sold at retail, have been sold in Boston and New York at \$2 each. By taking so large a quantity, we obtained them at a price which permits us to sell them at \$1 each, and leaves us a small profit. Every article we offer for sale is obtained in a similar manner. In domestic our house absorbs the entire production of one factory.

But we think we have offered evidence enough to convince you that our patrons do obtain dollar for dollar for every article purchased from us.

ANDREWS & CO.,

No. 104 and 106 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

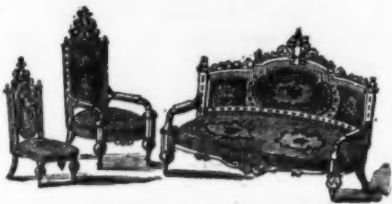
We will send circulars to any address.

COLORED PICTURES.

Size 13x18, only 15 cents each; 8 for \$1. "The Lady of the Lake," "Sleeping Beauty," "That Blessed Baby," "Adam and Eve in Eden," "The Ten Commandments," "Marriage Certificate," "Red Riding Hood," "Art of Money Making," "Asleep," "Awake," "Haklee." Also, portrait of "General Grant," large size, 12x18, only 15 cents each. Mailed post free by HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,



Still continue to keep the largest stock of Parlor, Dining and Bedroom Furniture, of any house in the United States, which they offer to the Wholesale and Retail trade at a discount of twenty per cent. from old prices.

Also,

BEDDING AND SPRING BEDS,

A GREAT VARIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE

Great American Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.

22,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GOLDEN STATE.

12,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GEORGE SHOTTON.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which we are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (Black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1.10, best \$1.20 per lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.
GUNPOWDER, \$1.25, best \$1.50 per lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to \$1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-Office Box No. 5,643, New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 & 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-Office Box 5,643, New York City.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.



OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to our selves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled, and well-finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time, they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price \$15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing \$150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from \$2 to \$6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay all the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs).

TO CLUBS.—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one EXTRA WATCH, making SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS.

CAUTION. Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or can make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.

Psychomancy; or, Soul Charming.

How either sex may fascinate and gain the affections of any one they choose instantly; also secure prosperity in love or business. Every one can acquire this singular power. This queer, exciting book has been published by us ten years, the sale of which has been enormous, and is the only book of the kind published in the English language. Sent by mail for 25 cents, together with a Guide to the Unmarried. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Book Publishers, Philadelphia.

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For Agents and Dealers to sell, 20 Novel and Useful Articles: profits large. Send stamp for circular. B. W. RICE & CO., 85 Nassau street, N. Y.

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Published for the benefit and as a caution to young men and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, &c., supplying THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. Written by one who cured himself, and sent free on receiving post-paid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Brooklyn, N. Y. Also free, by the same publisher, a Circular of DAISY SWAIN, the great Poem of the War.

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In Drawing of April 4, 1868,
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HOLLOW CHEEKS, Emaciated Forms, Dark Circles around the Eyes, Pimples, &c., cured by the use of VELLEAU'S VITAMINE. Was never known to fail. However thin you are, the VITAMINE will cause the hollow cheek and shrunken form to fill up with healthful flesh, restoring beauty of form and color. It is harmless. Satisfaction given, or money refunded. \$1.50 per box, sealed, by mail. Address, WM. POWELL & CO., L. Box 16, Troy, N. Y.

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he takes us into every walk of life, and exhibits Society in all its Lights and Shades; the Voluptaries of Fashion; the Homes of the Poor; the Palace and the Prison; the Belles of Society and the Bankers of Wall street; the Millionaire and the Beggar; Vice and Virtue; the Man of Probity and the Bank Defaulter; the beautiful, virtuous, trusting, patient, suffering woman, resisting Temptation in its most dazzling form, and the wicked, designing, crafty Adventuress, tracking her victim to Ruin and Despair, all pass before us in this Truthful Panorama of Life!

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JOHN J. CISCO,

Treasurer, New York.

April 10, 1868.

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This charming Perfume may now be had of all first-class Druggists.
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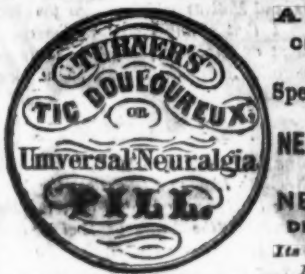
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This is no Humbug!

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